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NOVEMBER, 1935

THE CRISIS

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Civilization Is Taken to Ethiopia—An Editorial

WAR AND THE NEGRO
Harold Preece

BRONX SLAVE MARKET
Ella Baker and Marvel Cooke

THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT
Abraham Epstein

A LYNCHING INCIDENT
Emerson Lane

EQUAL RIGHTS IN PENNSYLVANIA
I. Maximilian Martin

BLACK RECONSTRUCTION—A Book Review

The Choice of A Nation

The World's Greatest Weekly --- The World's Greatest Fighter

Chicago Defender

Defender Correspondent Given High U.S. Position

ETHIOPIAN CONFLICT STIRS WORLD

Two More Lynched In Mississippi

THE
Chicago Defender
WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY

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THE CRISIS

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A Record of the Darker Races

ROY WILKINS, Managing Editor
ADVISORY BOARD
J. E. Spingarn *Dr. Louis T. Wright* *James Weldon Johnson* *Lewis Gannett* *Walter White*

Volume 42, No. 11 *Whole No. 299*

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THE CRISIS *was founded in 1910. It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage, and while* THE CRISIS *uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.*
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NEXT MONTH

ETHIOPIA AT GENEVA
By Dorothy Detzer

Another article on school inequalities by Charles H. Houston, using the University of Maryland case as an example.

•

A word of greeting to THE CRISIS as it begins its twenty-sixth year by Oswald Garrison Villard, member of the editorial advisory committee of Volume 1, No. 1 of THE CRISIS.

•

A piece on the race superiority complex by Dr. E. Kotz and a short article on the correction of children's handicaps by Ione Vesta Peak. Also an answer by Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, to the open letter of George Padmore.

There will be pictures of children held over from this issue.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Harold Preece lives in Texas and writes for the liberal magazines. His article, "Fascism and the Negro," appeared in THE CRISIS for December, 1934.

•

Ella Baker has been active in labor movements in Harlem and Marvel Cooke was a member of the staff of the New York *Amsterdam News* until she, with fifteen others, was locked out on October 9. The paper alleges that it fired its entire editorial department "for economy," but the employees charge they were locked out because they sought recognition of their unit of the American Newspaper Guild.

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Emerson Lane lives in Baltimore, Md.

•

Abraham Epstein is the executive secretary of the American Association for Social Security.

•

Edgar T. Rouzeau is a member of the staff of the New York *Amsterdam News*.

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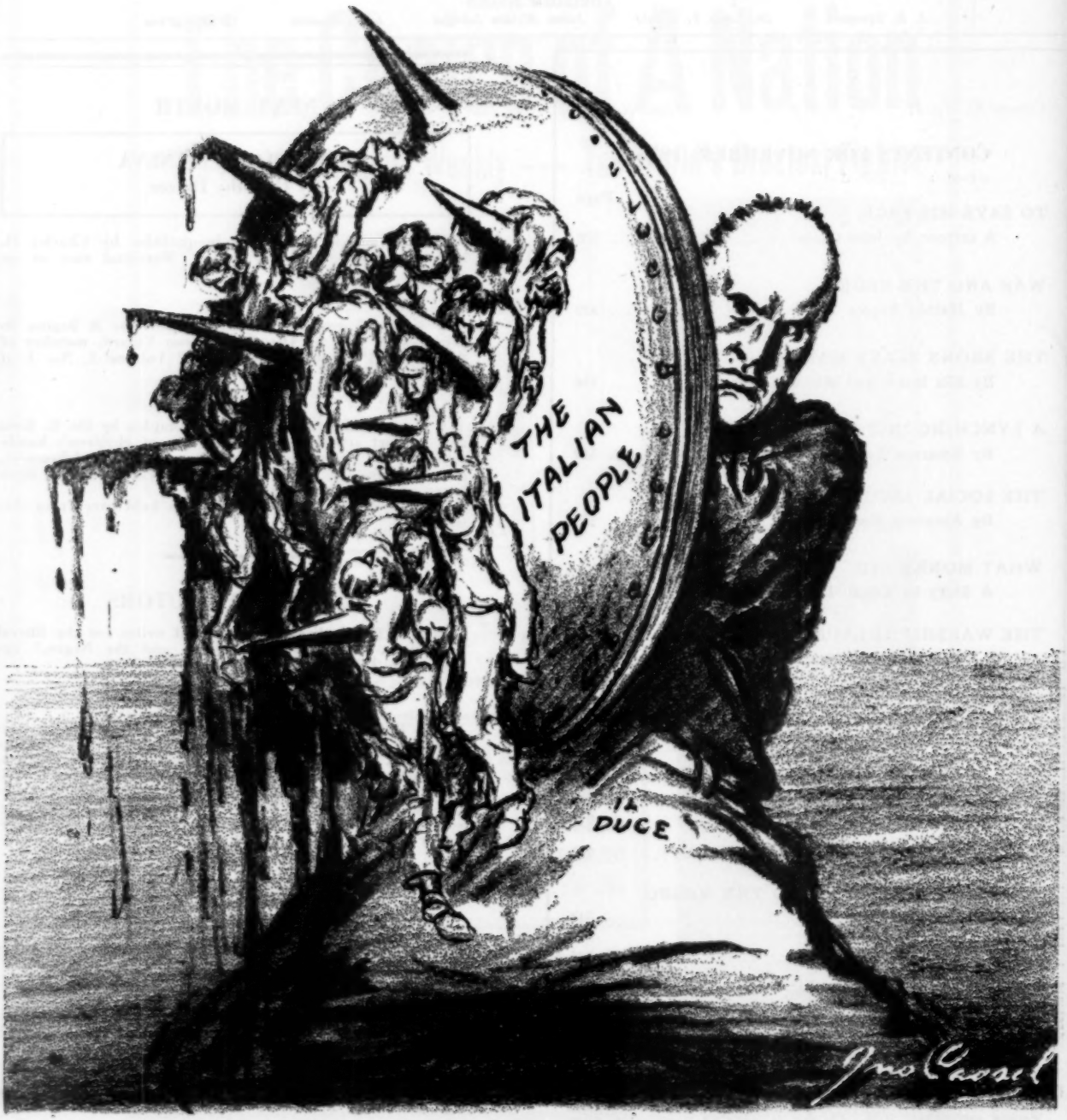
To Save His Face



Courtesy The Brooklyn Eagle

War and the Negro

By Harold Preece

THE rape of Ethiopia is the rape of the Negro race. By the time this article shall have appeared, the sovereignty of an ancient nation will have been violated. Ten million Ethiopians will be facing the alternatives of destruction or submission to a handful of Italian financiers.

In the December, 1934, issue of THE CRISIS, I stated the consequences, for the Negro people, of a Fascist regime. (C. f. *Fascism and The Negro,* page 355.) At a time when the most aggressive Fascist nation plans a continental empire of subjugated Africans, the question of the Negro's relation to war becomes an especially important one. "Negro boys will be conscripted to fight in the Fascist wars which will become more frequent as the world markets dwindle and fail to satisfy the voracious appetites of the money-masters," I wrote in the former issue. With the League of Nations proving to be a weak and impotent gesture, with rival imperialists watching each other like savage cats intent upon the same sparrow, any day may see the Negro peoples of the world summoned to fight under foreign flags. It is obvious that Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia cannot be an isolated phenomenon, that all the remaining exploiters of black flesh will act quickly to preserve their properties.

The Negro peoples must not be hoodwinked by any specious patriotism into supporting a conflict encompassing their destruction. Black blood has been spilled on every continent for the defense of alien political and cultural institutions. Negroes of one country have killed Negroes of another country in the recurrent wars of modern capitalism. Negroes have mistakenly contributed money to support these conflicts, thereby displaying more loyalty than any white government has deserved. It is questionable that the Negro has ever derived one permanent advantage from these periodic slaughters. In fact, when one considers the universal poverty of the race, he is inclined to think that each war has riveted the manacles just a bit more firmly.

No honest historian would question, for instance, the decisive part played by the Negro in the Civil war. Thousands of slaves deserted the plantation en masse and joined the Union army. Thus the planters were derived of labor power to produce cotton and foodstuffs for the Confederate army; while the opposition of so many fresh recruits

Mr. Preece, a white Texan, presents a natural sequel to his article "Fascism and the Negro," which appeared in THE CRISIS last December

seriously hampered the operations of the southern forces. Desperate for freedom, the Negro people made the country safe for northern industrialism. Unfortunately for those who fight, the leading patriots always have big voices and short memories.

The reward for Negro participation in the Civil war has been a few theoretical concessions nullified in practice. If the Negro did attain nominal freedom, it was simply because an expanding national commerce needed him both as a laborer and customer. Today the very industrialism which he helped to establish excludes him from all but the menial positions, hiring him last and firing him first. In a final touch of irony, descendants of black Civil war veterans beg food at inhospitable back doors and "bum" rides in dirty freight cars.

Status Unchanged by World War

Cuba presents the same unpardonable example of ingratitude to a brave people. The Cuban Negroes were among the first to rise against the Spanish overlords, furnishing Antonio Maceo and Guillermo Moncada, two of the bravest revolutionary generals. Land and opportunity were promised the black race in return for its support of the revolution. Ask any of the scabrous, underfed Negroes frequenting the Havana wharves, how those promises have been kept. The decadent Cuban aristocracy and the Yankee traders alike have no time for the darker element comprising over seventy-five per cent of the population.

ETHIOPIA AT GENEVA

The debate at the League of Nations on the Italian-Ethiopian crisis made world history. Dorothy Detzer, secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, who was in Geneva at the time and who was present at the various debates, will have a dramatic account of it in the December CRISIS.

The late World war affords an even more striking example of what war does to the Negro. Black men, by the hundreds of thousands, dropped their racial resentment and enlisted on both sides. Negroes from Alabama were arrayed against Negroes from German East Africa. Negro Mohammedans, serving in the French armies, encountered those of the same faith fighting for Turkey. The war atmosphere was tinged with the creamy idealism of Woodrow Wilson, the southern gentleman who talked most earnestly of "minority peoples and their rights."

But there were no spokesmen for the Negro peoples at Versailles. The solemn genuflections of statesmen and diplomats resulted merely in a change of masters for the Negroes in East Africa. Many of those who had served in the German army found themselves stranded along the Rhine, becoming eventual victims of Der Fuehrer and his Aryan experiment. Participation in the greatest war of man's existence had purchased for the Negro no extra privileges as a human being. The face of the world had been changed, but not the status of the black man.

The treatment accorded the American Negro was especially discriminatory. Raucous Caucasians complained that "the nigger had been ruined since the war." Mobs of hooligans attacked Negro settlements on the flimsiest of pretexts. Negro share-croppers were massacred at Elaine, Arkansas, in 1919, for taking the avowedly democratic principles of the war too seriously. Negro veterans, with slightly independent bearings, were escorted to creek-bottoms and flogged by cavaliers in white nightgowns. A new wave of lynchings arose in the South, while the American Legion passed the black buddy without speaking.

Nevertheless, the promoters of our next shambles will make fervent appeals for Negro support. Corpulent oil operators and munitions manufacturers will declare their undying friendship for the black man and urge him to defend "our common country." (As everyone knows, oil wells and death factories are never possessed in common.) Various renegade Negroes will be hired to sell their brethren murder on a mass scale. The glories of wearing a uniform and "seeing the world" will be declaimed to young farm hands in the Black belt. No doubt, Negro women will be organ-

(*Continued on page* 338)

The Bronx Slave Market

By Ella Baker and Marvel Cooke

THE Bronx Slave Market! What is it? Who are its dealers? Who are its victims? What are its causes? How far does its stench spread? What forces are at work to counteract it?

Any corner in the congested sections of New York City's Bronx is fertile soil for mushroom "slave marts." The two where the traffic is heaviest and the bidding is highest are located at 167th street and Jerome avenue and at Simpson and Westchester avenues.

Symbolic of the more humane slave block is the Jerome avenue "market." There, on benches surrounding a green square, the victims wait, grateful, at least, for some place to sit. In direct contrast is the Simpson avenue "mart," where they pose wearily against buildings and lamp posts, or scuttle about in an attempt to retrieve discarded boxes upon which to rest.

Again, the Simpson avenue block exudes the stench of the slave market at its worst. Not only is human labor bartered and sold for slave wage, but human love also is a marketable commodity. But whether it is labor or love that is sold, economic necessity compels the sale. As early as 8 a.m. they come; as late as 1 p.m. they remain.

Rain or shine, cold or hot, you will find them there—Negro women, old and young — sometimes bedraggled, sometimes neatly dressed—but with the invariable paper bundle, waiting expectantly for Bronx housewives to buy their strength and energy for an hour, two hours, or even for a day at the munificent rate of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or, if luck be with them, thirty cents an hour. If not the wives themselves, maybe their husbands, their sons, or their brothers, under the subterfuge of work, offer worldly-wise girls higher bids for their time.

Who are these women? What brings them here? Why do they stay? In the boom days before the onslaught of the depression in 1929, many of these women who are now forced to bargain for day's work on street corners, were employed in grand homes in the rich Eighties, or in wealthier homes in Long Island and Westchester, at more than adequate wages. Some are former marginal industrial workers, forced by the slack in industry to seek other means of sustenance. In many instances there had been no necessity for work at all. But whatever their standing prior to the depression, none sought employment where they now seek it. They come to the Bronx, not because of what it promises, but largely in desperation.

In the Bronx, northern borough of New York City known for its heavy Jewish population, exists a street corner market for domestic servants where Negro women are "rented" at unbelievably low rates for house work

Paradoxically, the crash of 1929 brought to the domestic labor market a new employer class. The lower middle-class housewife, who, having dreamed of the luxury of a maid, found opportunity staring her in the face in the form of Negro women pressed to the wall by poverty, starvation and discrimination.

Where once color was the "gilt edged" security for obtaining domestic and personal service jobs, here, even, Negro women found themselves being displaced by whites. Hours of futile waiting in employment agencies, the fee that must be paid despite the lack of income, fraudulent agencies that sprung up during the depression, all forced the day worker to fend for herself or try the dubious and circuitous road to public relief.

As inadequate as emergency relief has been, it has proved somewhat of a boon to many of these women, for with its advent, actual starvation is no longer their ever-present slave driver and they have been able to demand twenty-five and even thirty cents an hour as against the old fifteen and twenty cent rate. In an effort to supplement the inadequate relief received, many seek this open market.

And what a market! She who is fortunate (?) enough to please Mrs. Simon Legree's scrutinizing eye is led away to perform hours of multifarious household drudgeries. Under a rigid watch, she is permitted to scrub floors on her bended knees, to hang precariously from window sills, cleaning window after window, or to strain and sweat over steaming tubs of heavy blankets, spreads and furniture covers.

Fortunate, indeed, is she who gets the full hourly rate promised. Often, her day's slavery is rewarded with a single dollar bill or whatever her unscrupulous employer pleases to pay. More often, the clock is set back for an hour or more. Too often she is sent away without any pay at all.

How It Works

We invaded the "market" early on the morning of September 14. Disreputable bags under arm and conscientiously forlorn, we trailed the work entourage on the West side "slave train," disembarking with it at Simpson and Westchester avenues. Taking up our stand outside the corner flower shop whose show window offered gardenias, roses and the season's first chrysanthemums at moderate prices, we waited patiently to be "bought."

We got results in almost nothing flat. A squatty Jewish housewife, patently lower middle class, approached us, carefully taking stock of our "wares."

"You girls want work?"

"Yes." We were expectantly noncommittal.

"How much you work for?"

We begged the question, noting that she was already convinced that we were not the "right sort." "How much do you pay?"

She was walking away from us. "I can't pay your price," she said and immediately started bargaining with a strong, seasoned girl leaning against the corner lamp post. After a few moments of animated conversation, she led the girl off with her. Curious, we followed them two short blocks to a dingy apartment house on a side street.

We returned to our post. We didn't seem to be very popular with the other "slaves". They eyed us suspiciously. But, one by one, as they became convinced that we were one with them, they warmed up to friendly sallies and answered our discreet questions about the possibilities of employment in the neighborhood.

Suddenly it began to rain, and we, with a dozen or so others, scurried to shelter under the five-and-ten doorway midway the block. Enforced close communion brought about further sympathy and conversation from the others. We asked the brawny, neatly dressed girl pressed close to us about the extent of trade in the "oldest profession" among women.

"Well," she said, "there is quite a bit of it up here. Most of 'those' girls congregate at the other corner." She indicated the location with a jerk of her head.

"Do they get much work?" we queried.

"Oh, quite a bit," she answered with

a finality which was probably designed to close the conversation. But we were curious and asked her how the other girls felt about it. She looked at us a moment doubtfully, probably wondering if we weren't seeking advice to go into the "trade" ourselves.

"Well, that's their own business. If they can do it and get away with it, it's all right with the others." Or probably she would welcome some "work" of that kind herself.

"Sh-h-h." The wizened West Indian woman whom we had noticed, prior to the rain, patroling the street quite belligerently as if she were daring someone not to hire her, was cautioning us. She explained that if we kept up such a racket the store's manager would kick all of us out in the rain. And so we continued our conversation in whispered undertone.

"Gosh. I don't like this sort of thing at all." The slender brown girl whom we had seen turn down two jobs earlier in the morning, seemed anxious to talk. "This is my first time up here—and believe me, it is going to be my last. I don't like New York nohow. If I don't get a good job soon, I'm going back home to Kansas City." So she had enough money to travel, did she?

Cut Rate Competition

The rain stopped quite as suddenly as it started. We had decided to make a careful survey of the district to see whether or not there were any employment agencies in the section. Up one block and down another we tramped, but not one such institution did we encounter. Somehow the man who gave us a sly "Hello, babies" as he passed was strangely familiar. We realized two things about him—that he had been trailing us for some time and that he was manifestly, plain clothes notwithstanding, one of "New York's finest."

Trying to catch us to run us in for soliciting, was he? From that moment on, it was a three-cornered game. When we separated he was at sea. When we were together, he grinned and winked at us quite boldly. . . .

We sidled up to a friendly soul seated comfortably on an upturned soap-box. Soon an old couple approached her and offered a day's work with their daughter way up on Jerome avenue. They were not in agreement as to how much the daughter would pay—the old man said twenty-five cents an hour—the old lady scowled and said twenty. The car fare, they agreed, would be paid after she reached her destination. The friendly soul refused the job. She could afford independence, for she had already successfully bargained for a job for the following day. She said to us, after the couple started negotiations with another woman, that she wouldn't go way up on Jerome avenue on a wild goose chase for Mrs. Roosevelt, herself. We noted, with satisfaction, that the old couple had no luck with any of the five or six they contacted.

It struck us as singularly strange, since it was already 10:30, that the women still lingered, seemingly unabashed that they had not yet found employment for a day. We were debating whether or not we should leave the "mart" and try again another day, probably during the approaching Jewish holidays at which time business is particularly flourishing, when, suddenly, things looked up again. A new batch of "slaves" flowed down the elevated steps and took up their stands at advantageous points.

The friendly soul turned to us, a sneer marring the smooth roundness of her features. "Them's the girls who makes it bad for us. They get more jobs than us because they will work for anything. We runned them off the corner last week." One of the newcomers was quite near us and we couldn't help but overhear the following conversation with a neighborhood housewife.

"You looking for work?"

"Yes ma'am."

"How much you charge?"

"I'll take what you will give me." . . . What was this? Could the girl have needed work that badly? Probably. She did look run down at the heels. . . .

"All right. Come on. I'll give you a dollar." Cupidity drove beauty from the arrogant features. The woman literally dragged her "spoil" to her den." . . . But what of the girl? Could she possibly have known what she was letting herself in for? Did she know how long she would have to work for that dollar or what she would have to do? Did she know whether or not she would get lunch or car fare? Not any more than we did. Yet, there she was, trailing down the street behind her "mistress."

"You see," philosophized the friendly soul. "That's what makes it bad for the rest of us. We got to do something about those girls. Organize them or something." The friendly soul remained complacent on her up-turned box. Our guess was that if the girls were organized, the incentive would come from some place else.

Business in the "market" took on new life. Eight or ten girls made satisfactory contacts. Several women — and men approached us, but our price was too high or we refused to wash windows or scrub floors. We were beginning to have a rollicking good time when rain again dampened our heads and ardor. We again sought the friendly five-and-ten doorway.

"For Five Bucks a Week"

We became particularly friendly with a girl whose intelligent replies to our queries intrigued us. When we were finally convinced that there would be no more "slave" barter that day, we invited her to lunch with us at a near-by restaurant. After a little persuasion, there we were, Millie Jones between us, refreshing our spirits and appetites with hamburgers, fragrant with onions, and coffee. We found Millie an articulate person. It seems that, until recently, she had had a regular job in the neighborhood. But let her tell you about it.

"Did I have to work? And how! For five bucks and car fare a week. Mrs. Eisenstein had a six-room apartment lighted by fifteen windows. Each and every week, believe it or not, I had to wash every one of those windows. If that old hag found as much as the teeniest speck on any one of 'em, she'd make me do it over. I guess I would do anything rather than wash windows. On Mondays I washed and did as much of the ironing as I could. The rest waited over for Tuesday. There were two grown sons in the family and her husband. That meant that I would have at least twenty-one shirts to do every week. Yeah, and ten sheets and at least two blankets, besides. They all had to be done just so, too. Gosh, she was a particular woman.

"There wasn't a week, either, that I didn't have to wash up every floor in the place and wax it on my hands and knees. And two or three times a week I'd have to beat the mattresses and take all the furniture covers off and shake 'em out. Why, when I finally went home nights, I could hardly move. One of the sons had "hand trouble" too, and I was just as tired fighting him off, I guess, as I was with the work.

"Say, did you ever wash dishes for

(*Continued on page* 340)

Baby Pictures Next Month

Because of circumstances beyond the control of The Crisis, the pictures of children which were to have appeared in this issue will be printed in the December issue, off the press November 22. We regret the delay and we regret also that we will not be able to use any more photographs which might be sent in the hope that the postponement will permit their inclusion next month.

A Lynching Incident

By Emerson Lane

THE bus had just turned into the Grand Concourse of the Bronx, New York City, when, with a sickening lurch, it skidded across the ice-coated highway into the soft snow at the curb. It was the right front tire, and the driver assured the three men passengers that there would be a delay of only twenty minutes. Seeing that there was nothing they could do to speed the change the men trudged through the drifting snow to the lunch cart a hundred yards back for coffee and sandwiches. One of the men purchased there a late edition of a newspaper, and now that the mishap had broken the ice between them, the news items furnished ready topic for conversation when the journey finally was resumed.

"They oughta kill him," muttered the one with the paper. "That's the only way to hold 'em down," and he showed the other two the article on the first page which had caught his eye:

NEGRO LYNCHED IN GEORGIA

Accused of Rape of 16-Year-Old White Girl;
Soaked in Kerosene and Burned

"Yeh," agreed one of his listeners. "They won't keep their dirty hands off white women. It's the quickest and easiest way and teaches the others a lesson."

"But," spoke up the third man, "suppose the fellow was telling the truth in those last moments. Would you condone a mob of men for inhumanly slaughtering a man before he has had a chance of proving his innocence?"

"Innocence?" exclaimed the first. "Why, they're always guilty! Never any doubt about that. Besides, it says here the girl identified him as the right nigger."

"I recall a case," continued the man who had objected, quietly, "in which the girl also identified a man as the right nigger. Yet he was not guilty. This case never got in the newspapers, but it is a good illustration of how wrong we humans sometimes can be in assuming guilt, as you now are doing.

"This also happened in Georgia," he went on, while the other two listened in polite surprise, "and the white girl who had been raped was also certain that the man they brought before her was the one who had attacked her. Before sundown a thousand howling men crowded around the tiny jail, demanding the surrender of the poor devil inside. And to avoid damage to the building, the sheriff turned him over to that mob. They dragged him out to the school house yard, and there they fought among themselves for the honor of placing the noose around his neck."

The speaker, very pale now, looked about uncertainly, as if reluctant to go ahead with the story.

"The man who actually had attacked the girl, a white man, was among that crowd. Inevitably, just as, so they say, a murderer is drawn by an irresistible fascination back to the scene of his crime, he had been attracted to the very center of the affair. At first this man had felt no other emotion than relief that an unknown light-skinned nigger had fortuitously appeared in the little town the very day of the assault. But when they cast the other end of the rope up over a strong limb of the oak, and when he saw groveling there in the dust beneath it a poor, useless bit of flesh about to pay the supreme penalty for a crime he himself had committed, —something came over this person which he has ever since been thankful for.

"It is rather hard to make it clear to you, gentlemen. I can only explain it by saying that at the moment the man was reborn. It may have been that there suddenly welled up in his soul some latent instinct of manhood, long obscured, to be sure, by the despicable cowardice which had prompted the assault of the day before. Or it may have been that in the hysteria of the proceedings so great became his consciousness of guilt that he actually imagined that it was he, himself, cringing there before that herd of men turned beasts, cannibals lusting for the sight and smell of human blood. But these are merely speculations. To tell the truth, I don't think the man at the time knew just what had come over him."

TO the listeners it seemed that the speaker suffered some intense emotion, for it was several minutes before he could pull himself together sufficiently to continue. The two men averted their heads as if they, too, found the revelations disturbing. The bus crossed the 145th street bridge, and the traffic was slower now that they were in Manhattan.

"But whatever it was, it was something greater than himself, and entirely beyond his control. He only knew he could not let the execution take place. As the rope in the willing hands of a dozen yelling barbarians drew taut about the victim's neck, he ran forward and single-handed tore it from their grasp. Then, in words which no one could doubt, he confessed to the crime himself.

"Needless to say, the lynching was broken up. After the excitement had died out they were glad enough to drive him out of town, so peeved were they with him for having broken up their sport. Of course, there was no thought of meting out to him the fate from which he had rescued the Negro. After all, he was a white man. And, ironically, when the girl involved confronted this man that same night, she was not at all sure, in spite of his confession, that he was the one to blame. She insisted still that it had been the colored fellow.

"This man, then, this white man, has never been south since. He came here to New York, and has spent the rest of his life in trying to atone for the evil that he was guilty of in the old days. And though he is now a minister held in great respect by those about him, he has never ceased to remember the near-tragedy which brought about his salvation."

The speaker breathed a deep sigh, as if he rested easier now that the story was finished. Somehow the tale had cast a mantle of embarrassment over his two listeners.

Finally one, the same one who had first brought up the subject, cleared his throat and spoke up uncomfortably, "Well, I guess you're right. You never can tell by what's in the papers."

But the other man, less courteous than the first, was still curious.

"Yeh, trust the papers to get it all wrong. But, I wonder—. We'll soon be downtown, and I don't s'pose the three of us will ever come together again. It may not be exactly the proper

(*Continued on page* 340)

SILVER JUBILEE GREETING

Oswald Garrison Villard, one of the original editorial advisers of THE CRISIS in November, 1910, will have a word of greeting in the December issue as THE CRISIS begins its twenty-sixth year.

The Social Security Act

By Abraham Epstein

THE Social Security Bill, reaching the end of its tortuous career in Congress, was given the approval of President Roosevelt on August 14 amid a flare of camera lights. The President used more than a score of pens to affix his signature to the bill which he described as "sound, needed and patriotic legislation." "Today a hope of many years' standing is in large part fulfilled," the President declared at the ceremony. "This Social Security measure gives at least some protection to 30,000,000 of our citizens who will reap direct benefits through unemployment compensation, through old age pensions and through increased services for the protection of children and the prevention of ill health."

"This law," continued the President, "represents a cornerstone in a structure which is being built but is by no means complete, a structure intended to lessen the force of possible future depressions, to act as a protection to future administration of the government against the necessity of going deeply into debt to furnish relief to the needy, a law to flatten out the peaks and valleys of deflation and of inflation—in other words, a law that will take care of human needs and at the same time provide for the United States an economic structure of vastly greater soundness.

"If the Senate and the House of Representatives in their long and arduous session had done nothing more than pass this bill," the President concluded, "the session would be regarded as historic for all time."

An anti-climax to the expectations and hopes aroused came less than two weeks later when Congress adjourned without voting any appropriations for carrying out the provisions of the act and for its administration.

An act of such glowing promises certainly deserves careful examination. Basically the ten subjects covered by the act may be divided into the following three categories: (1) It provides for a system of federal grants-in-aid to states which enact suitable laws for the payment of pensions to the destitute aged, the blind, dependent mothers, and maternal and infant care. The act also grants certain subsidies for vocational rehabilitation, the care of crippled children and health services. (2) The law sets up a federal-state tax-offset scheme to hasten the adoption of unemployment insurance by the individual states. (3) The act establishes a national system of compulsory contributory old age insurance. The latter plan is the only national system in the act; all the other provisions require state action to make them effective.

The Negro stands to lose much more than he will gain from the Social Security Act according to the expert interpretation of Mr. Epstein

The Subsidy Plans

Under the old age subsidy provisions the federal government will pay to the states one-half of their grants to the aged up to $15 per month per person. In order to receive these funds, the states must pay pensions to citizens at the age of 65 (age 70 may be kept until 1940) who have resided in the state five years out of the previous nine years and one continuous year immediately preceding application for aid. The state systems must be state-wide and mandatory and their administration must be either by a single state agency or under its supervision. Financial participation in the plans by the states is required, except in the case of those commonwealths barred by their constitutions from such action, which have until July 1, 1937, to fulfill this requirement. An additional grant of five per cent of the federal share will be made for either administration or direct assistance.

Practically the same plan has been set up for assistance to the blind, while the mothers' pension subsidy by the federal government will be one-third of the state expenditures. More or less equal matching of state and federal funds is required for maternal and infant care and for treatment and corrective services to crippled children. Outright federal grants are made for the child welfare and public health work of the states.

The above subsidy systems definitely establish a proper method for inducing states to legislate in behalf of the destitute classes enumerated. The subsidy plan is not only constitutional but is rooted in American traditions. It has been commonly in practice from the first days of the Republic and is socially very constructive. This part of the bill constitutes a most important and socially desirable step in the right direction. Federal grants up to 50 per cent of state allowances to dependent aged will encourage and stimulate states to liberalize existing statutes and to enact new laws. They will do the same for the dependent mothers and the blind. These provisions mark a true and genuine beginning. Since they aim to provide the destitute with purchasing power from general taxation, they also represent definite steps towards recovery.

The Unemployment Insurance Scheme

An entirely different and new principle underlies the unemployment insurance system set up in the Social Security act. The federal government does not in this act establish any plan of unemployment insurance. It merely sets up an excise tax of one per cent in 1936, two per cent in 1937 and three per cent thereafter upon the total payroll of all employers of eight or more workers. It then provides that employers who contribute to an approved state system receive a refund up to 90 per cent of this tax. This is known as the tax-offset system. In order to make their employers eligible for refunds, the states have but a few standards to comply with. The most important of these is the requirement that all moneys collected by the state must be turned over to the Federal Government to be held as a trust fund. The state laws must also provide that no compensation may be withheld if an otherwise eligible worker refuses to accept a position vacant due directly to a strike, lockout or other labor dispute, if the hours, wages and other conditions are less favorable than those prevailing in the locality, or if there is any coercion to join a company union or to refrain from joining a bona fide union.

The states are at liberty to establish a variety of methods in providing insurance against unemployment. They may use the state-wide pooled system where all the funds are mingled and undivided; the company or industry reserve system, the employment guarantee plan, or any combination of the first three. The federal government will pay the administrative costs of the state plans, for which $4,000,000 is authorized for the fiscal year 1936 and $49,000,000 for each successive year. The money for this purpose is to come presumably from the ten per cent of the payroll tax which the government collects directly.

There are numerous reasons why this scheme is cumbersome and unwise. We can cite only a few:

(1) The bill contemplates two duplicating systems of taxation, i.e., the federal tax and the state tax for which

credit is to be given. This method is not only inadequate and unprecedented, but is contrary to the advice of most of the qualified students of the problem and the majority of the advisory council of the Committee on Economic Security, composed of responsible representatives of employers, labor and the public. Instead of this duplicating system of taxation with its attendant annoyance and extra expense a much simpler and more adequate method of attaining the same results was recommended. It was suggested that the federal subsidy system be followed by retaining the federal excise tax of 3 per cent as under this act. The full money thus obtained in each state could then be used by the government as a subsidy in block to any state which adopts an unemployment insurance law conforming to minimum standards. Such a plan would not only have followed traditional lines and made the bill safely constitutional, but would have served as an effective instrument in securing adequate and more or less uniform unemployment insurance plans throughout the forty-eight states while leaving to each state the determination of its own plan.

(2) Since the bill sets up no definite standards for the state systems there will result a miscellany of forty-eight divergent plans which will create endless confusion, bad feeling on the part of the unemployed, and disparity among the states. Already there are great differences in the nine unemployment insurance schemes set up by the states. The problem of migratory workers remains altogether unmet in this act.

(3) Although the chief appeal under this scheme is directed to employers, the latter are paradoxically penalized at least three-tenths of one per cent of their taxes whenever a state enacts a law requiring employers' contributions of 3 per cent.

(4) Every issue which made federal action in unemployment insurance necessary is ignored in the present tax-offset scheme. The problem of interstate competition is not overcome under this act unless every state levies a tax similar to that provided by the federal government, which is not likely to happen. The capacity of the federal government in equalizing the burden between states and in raising adequate revenue through its income taxes is completely denied, since all the federal government does is add another indirect tax to the numerous sales taxes now being levied by states and municipalities. For a tax on payrolls is essentially nothing but a sales tax. The necessity for federal legislation to assure uniformity and adequacy of standards throughout the nation is repudiated since states are left entirely free to provide whatever benefits they desire and to cover whatever groups they wish. No provision of any kind is made for interstate or federal regulations on the very important problem of the migratory workers.

Contributory Old Age Plan

In contrast with the above plans, which require state legislation for their operation, the Social Security act sets up a national plan for old age insurance. This applies to every worker in the country, with the exception of agricultural workers, domestics in private homes, casual workers, ship crews, government employees, and employees in non-profit-making institutions. Equal contributions from the workers and their employers will be made beginning with one per cent of wages in 1937. These will increase by one-half of one per cent every three years until they amount to three per cent for workers and three per cent for employers in 1949. Although all employees, regardless of their earnings, are included in the plan, no more than $3,000 a year in wages or salaries are taken as the basis for contributions. Unlike European plans for old age insurance, no contribution whatever is made by the federal government to this system.

From 1942 on, pensions will be paid at age 65 to all persons who have received not less than $2,000 in wages between 1937 and 1942. The benefits will vary in accordance with the wages received and contributions paid. They will range from a minimum of $10 a month to a maximum ultimately of $85 a month. Persons receiving these benefits may not be regularly employed. Special provision is made for the return of funds contributed by those who did not receive $2,000 in wages since the end of 1936, for the adjustment of overpayment and underpayment of benefits, and for payments in case of death occurring before the age of 65 is attained.

The contributory old age insurance scheme also is not only economically unsound but socialy unjust as well. The plan is fraught with grave economic and social dangers. The entire cost of this plan is placed upon the workers and their employers. In setting up the high contribution rates for the purpose of escaping any federal participation, even in the future, the bill places a back-breaking burden upon the younger generation of workers. The younger workers, as taxpayers, will not only have to pay the cost of the non-contributory pension system, but also the largest part of the benefits under the contributory system for those now old and in middle age. Beginning five years after contributions start, the burden of old age support will be increasingly shifted upon that part of the population least able to bear it. The wealthier groups in the community will be gradually relieved of their share towards workers' old age support which they have willingly carried, through general taxation, since the establishment of the Elizabethan Poor Law system more than three hundred years ago. The contributions from the employers and employees will more and more assume the responsibility for the support of all the previously employed aged who have contributed for only short periods. Since industry will make every effort to pass on its levy to the consumers or save it in reduced wages, it means that the employees—in their dual role of workers and consumers—are made to bear the major cost of supporting the aged and middle-aged wage and salaried workers. No other nation has ever put into operation an old age insurance plan without placing at least some of the burden on the government in order to make the higher income groups bear their accustomed share. Even fifty years ago the German government assumed a definite share toward its old age insurance benefits, while from the start Great Britain appropriated approximately $20,000,000 annually towards this fund. Governmental contributions towards old age insurance have been accepted by all other industrial countries.

The contributory insurance plan also contemplates the building up of enormous reserves to be frozen for many years. The committee estimates that under this plan there will be a reserve fund of over $10,000,000,000 by 1948 which will rise to about $50,000,000,000 by 1980. Such figures are not only impossible to conceive but are bound to create an enormous problem of investment. They may become a tempting political football. Should even partial inflation come, they will constitute a real menace. Moreover, the removal of so much essential purchasing power in the next few years may hamper recovery and cause great social harm. It is extremely questionable whether our economic system can stand the withdrawal of this sorely needed purchasing power.

The Chief Fallacy

The most serious indictment of the entire act is its deliberate failure to pro-

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JIM CROW SCHOOLS

Next month Charles H. Houston continues his discussion of the attack by the N.A.A.C.P. on educational inequalities. He will discuss the University of Maryland law school case where the N.A.A.C.P. was successful in getting a colored student into the law school.

What Money Did

By Edgar T. Rouzeau

JANE BROOKS was a Harlem high-yaller. The only fault that could be found with her, according to Arthur Roach, whom she was engaged to marry, was that she was too independent. She was slim, twenty-two, attractive and self-supporting, and never had the least compunction in reminding Arthur of her assets.

They said of Arthur that he was different — indolent, a man apparently without ambition unless it was his consuming desire to marry Jane. He was taller, darker and older, reasons as good as any why he was in love with her.

Tonight, by special dispensation of the landlady, Jane had taken him "up front" to the sitting room, where he promptly draped his length over the studio couch, barely leaving room for his beloved.

He closed his eyes, yawned, and unbuttoned the tunic of his natty blue uniform, an affair similar in cut and color to those of the policemen who patrol the streets of Harlem. He looked like a policeman, but actually the uniform set him apart as a member of the marching club of the Second Salvation Baptist church.

It was both the duty and the honor of the marching club to parade all dead church members through the streets at night, when most good Harlemites were at supper. It was said of the practice that it was conducive to a larger church membership, so many of the habitues who came to the windows being later enticed to join the church by the thoughts of a lavish display of bereavement which would be theirs when they ceased to live.

Arthur might have continued to yawn until he fell asleep, and Jane to sit and chew her wad of gum, but for the pertinent question which she put so carelessly:

"Penny fo' w'at yo' got yo' mine on."

The mouth of her hero stretched into the suspicion of a smile. "Ah wuz 'memberin' 'bout how yo' changed yo' mine an' decisioned not to marry—aftah we done got de license," he said.

Jane looked as if someone had stepped on her pet corn. "Is yo' gwine dig up dat old subjec' ag'in?" she wanted to know.

"Ah ain't nothin' of the sort, honey," her hero hastened to answer. "Ah wuz jes wondrin' what we gwine do wid dat license now. We can't sell it back to de man."

Jane smiled and patted her wondering beau on the head.

"Big Boy, we'll use it w'en—." She said this in a tone that drawled off into something unfinished.

"W'en w'at?" her hero expressed concern.

"W'en yo' git some money," Jane Brooks informed him. "Ah cain't see livin' jes on love. An' yo' might jes as well know dat yo' ain't nevah gwine git up in de worl' waitin' fo' an uncle to git rich an' die off an' leave yo' his dough. An' yo' ain't gwine make it eitah waitin' on chain lettahs an' de numbahs. Big Boy, yo' is solidly got to git out an' shake yo'self."

She paused, but Arthur Roach said nothing. He seemed to be absorbed in tracing an intricate design in the carpet, so Jane went on to elucidate on reasons as to why she preferred to wait until they had saved up a bit more than the expenses incidental to a one-day honeymoon trip.

"Jes look at 'Liza Green," she said.

Arthur shifted his body to a more comfortable slouch. "W'at 'bout huh?" he begged to be informed.

"Nutt'n," Jane said, " 'ceptin' dat she had to make bedrooms outta bof huh dinin' room an' sittin' rooms so's to git mo' roomahs in huh apahtment." Arthur spoke in a voice which bespoke some doubt. "Maybe she's jes been doublin' to catch up wid all dat money she's been spendin' on dance close."

Jane bristled. "Dem is close she wuz given by dat w'ite woman on Park avenue she washes fo'. 'Liza has troubles w'eddah yo' knows it or not. Sam Green didn't have nutt'n but his seventeen-dollar-a-week job. Dey couldn't save on dat. Den he gets laid off an' 'Liza jes had to rent every inch in huh apahtment to meet de bills."

There was an interval of mutual silence. From one of the hall bedrooms the voices of a man and woman began to rise in a violent quarrel. In another room the young woman who worked in a cabaret, and who just now was preparing to go to work, began to ululate, in a voice besmudged with gin, something that had to do with the pursuit of shadows. In still another room a baby bawled lustily. Arthur looked at Jane.

"Roomahs is sompin' we don't cares fo' pahtic'lahly w'en ah gits enuf money fo' us to git married." He put it more as a question than as a flat statement. "We can make up fo' dat in rent pahties, can't we, honey?"

"Lawd sakes, no!" said Jane emphatically, her right hand describing an outward and downward gesture. "No rent pahties fo' us. To make money outta one, we'd have to sell licker 'long wid de pigs' feet an' de oddah vittles. An' den, jes 'cause de folks pay a quartah to git admissioned, dey b'bieves dey is bought de rights to tear up yo' home—cussin' an' carryin' on, ruhnin' yo' fuhnichur wid cig'rette butts befo' yo' gits a chance to finish payin' de white man."

Arthur could think of nothing to say in rebuttal, so he reached into his pockets.

"Want a week?" he offered.

"Uh-huh," assented Jane.

The cigarettes were lit. Then:

"Sweet'art," said Arthur softly, reaching for her hand. "Yo' ain't really 'spectin' me to become a millionaire befo' yo' grees to marry, is yo'?"

"Well, a piece of one," said his sweetheart vaguely.

"How much is Ah got to have?" inquired Arthur.

"Yo' needs a pile," said Jane. "Ah wants a bungalow outten de country wid a green roof an' a big back yawd. It wuz jes de oddah day dat Ah ran into Sarah Fruitful an' she wuz tellin' me 'bout de way she wuzn't able to keep huh apahtment lookin' decent, 'count of de children. W'en Ah gits mine Ah wants dem to have plenty of yawd space to play in."

Arthur sat up abruptly and his eyes softened and he looked at Jane. His mouth expanded into a half-grin.

"Honey, yo' sho' is got considdable faw sight. Ah's been doin' some thinkin' 'bout de children mahself. It sho'll be nice fo' Lemus an' Bohincus to play wid real mud pies outten de back yawd."

"Lee who? asked Jane sharply. "W'at's dem?"

"Dey is de names Ah is done picked out to wait fo' w'en ouah sons git here," said Arthur in a voice that was apologetic.

"But wy de crazy handles?" Jane wanted to know. "An wy pick names so soon?"

"Sho' pick 'em now. Wy wait?" said Arthur coaxingly. Mos' people here in Harlem puts off namin' de children 'till de las' minute, an' den gits confusioned. Ah knowed a fellah w'at named his boy aftah five presidents. Some couldn't dig up no oddah names but John an' William. Dat's why Harlem's so full of Jacks and Bills."

Jane, not to be outdone, began to

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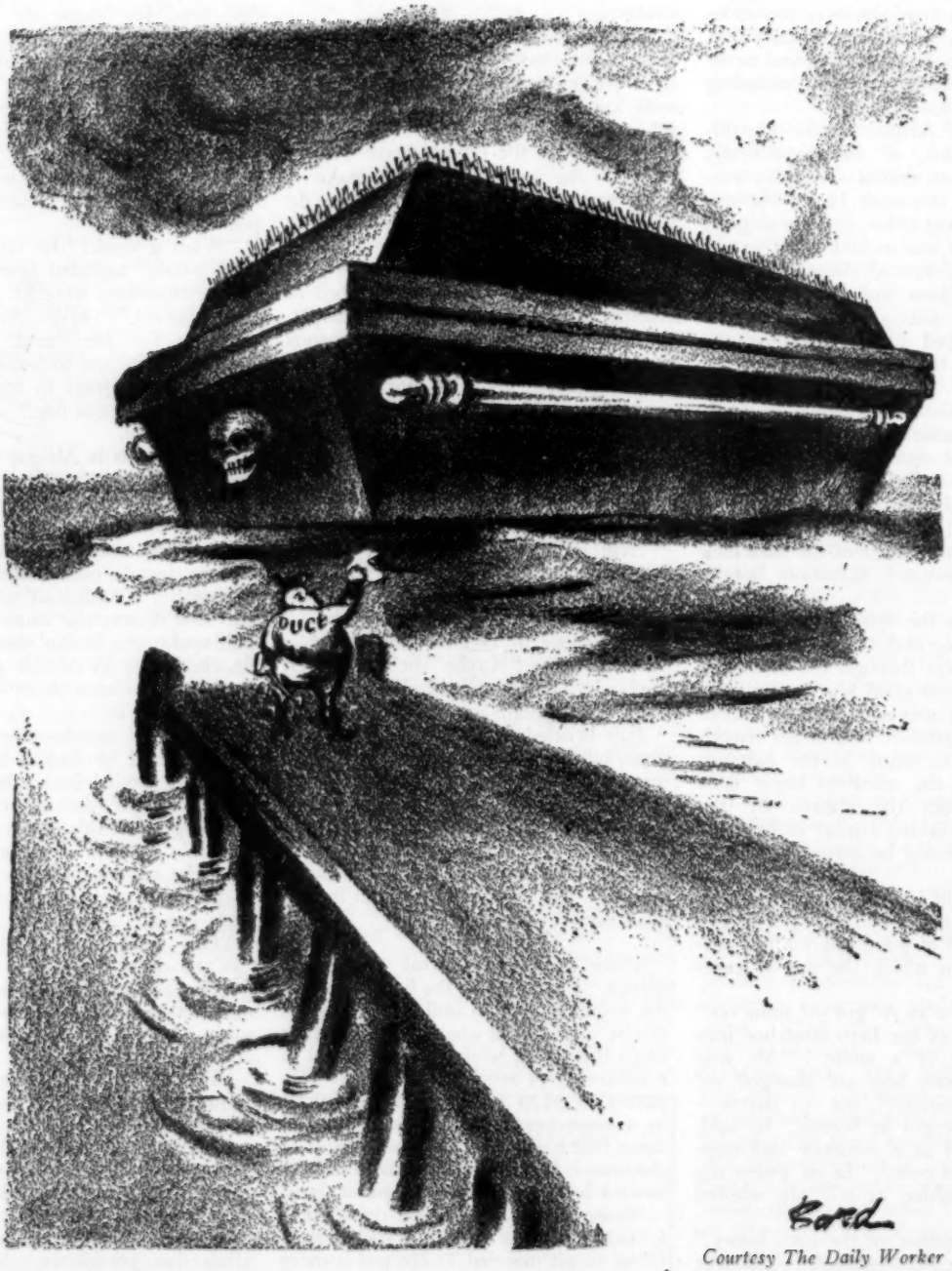
The Warship Is Launched



Courtesy The Daily Worker

Editorials

Civilization Is Taken to Ethiopia

ON October 3, 1935, the Ethiopians, who had been getting on fairly well in the world for four or five thousand years, were introduced to the blessings of civilization as developed by white Western peoples. The blackshirted legions of Mussolini invaded the black kingdom, being careful to send their engines of death far in advance of the mere men of the Duce, who, after all, are no better than the men of the Lion of Judah. With huge, 200-miles-an-hour bombers raining destruction from the skies, with forty-miles-an-hour armored tanks spitting death from machine guns, and with fierce black colonials bearing the brunt of the fighting, the greatly civilized Italians have penetrated, in one week, into about thirty miles of Ethiopian territory on the northern front. Upon the civilian heathen the Great White Fathers on the southern front are reported to be visiting the civilized plagues of gas bombs and chemicals calculated to burn the bare feet of the natives.

The struggle is so young and the reports so meagre that at this writing it is hard to tell exactly what has happened beyond the fact that Italy has invaded the African country. It is not possible, for instance, to determine whether or not the Ethiopians have yet been brought to appreciate the vast difference between blowing a hut-dwelling family to smithereens from a height of 2,000 feet and running a spear through a man's throat in hand-to-hand combat.

Funny Man—But Dangerous

MOST colored people by this time are accustomed to the statements of the Honorable Arthur W. Mitchell, representative in congress from the first district of Illinois. His very first statement immediately after his election, reiterated many times since, was that he was not and did not intend to be the representative of Negro Americans in Washington.

In the light of that determination (to which he has adhered much more faithfully than even he suspects) it has not been surprising to read the gems which fall glibly from the lips of Mr. Mitchell upon the slightest provocation. His latest adventure into the headlines comes from Chicago where he made one more silly assertion about the N.A.A.C.P. and one viciously untruthful charge. His assertion that the N.A.A.C.P. has "deteriorated into a bunch of Communists" is funny and can be dismissed for the mental laziness that it is—the dumping of anything disturbing into the dread Red category, rather than think about it.

His charge that the N.A.A.C.P. is insincere in its efforts for a federal anti-lynching bill and has no interest in the colored people of America will be regarded by persons familiar with the association's history as a strange interpretation. The N.A.A.C.P. is at a loss to account for the repeated attacks upon it by Mr. Mitchell. Before he took his seat in congress the N.A.A.C.P. wrote him, sending a report on the Claude Neal lynching and asking his support for the Costigan-Wagner bill. He sent a non-committal reply. Hardly had he been seated before he began asserting both privately and publicly that the Costigan-Wagner bill was unconstitutional.

In view of these statements, is it any great wonder that Walter White did not consult with Mr. Mitchell (as the congressman complains) in Washington on the Costigan-Wagner bill? Neither did Walter White waste his time consulting with Tom Blanton of Texas, Pat Harrison of Mississippi, or Walter George of Georgia.

To Mr. Mitchell the N.A.A.C.P. can make but one reply. It stands on its record. It is willing to place that record, from 1909 through 1935, beneath the scrutiny of Mr. Mitchell or anyone he may name. In it will be found mistakes, some large and some small; in it also will be found bravery, tears, courage, bluffing, daring, brilliance, defeats, and bitter disappointments, but no dishonesty, no truckling, no deception, no betrayals.

America Moves Up a Notch

ALL skeptics notwithstanding, there has been considerable improvement in race relations, so-called, in this country during the past twenty-five years. If anyone doubts it, let him use Joe Louis as a yardstick. The rise of this remarkable young man has been accompanied by cheers and encouragement from white and black Americans. When he took the measure of Max Baer, ex-champion, before 90,000 persons in New York City, September 24, not only was he acclaimed by them in the more or less fair atmosphere of New York, but the story of his conquest was greeted with sportsmanlike admiration in every corner of the land.

In deepest Mississippi as well as in highest Harlem, colored and white people listened at their radio loudspeakers without gnashing their teeth or cutting each other's throats. Newspapers in the South not only carried full accounts of the fight with large headlines, but most significant of all, a goodly number carried the picture of the fighter's bride.

A quarter of a century ago Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries for the world championship and Negroes hardly dared to whisper about it. Of course, Joe Louis is not a Jack Johnson, but neither are the white folks today quite the same as the whites of 1910. Sociologists may be inclined to scoff at a prizefight as indicating any profound social change; sarcastic commentators will point to continued lynchings, discrimination, segregation and exploitation. But Joe Louis cannot be ignored. However, much else remains to be accomplished by the two races, his career proves definitely that America has moved up several notches since 1910.

A Strange and Welcome Sight

FOLLOWING bitter primary contests in two election districts in Harlem in which colored men and women were seeking posts as district leaders and nominations for the state legislature and the city aldermanic chamber, it turned out when the votes were counted that no colored leadership candidate had a clear majority. In the 21st district where there were three aspirants—two colored and one white—the groups backing the colored candidates composed their differences and elected a colored man leader.

This is such an unusual procedure that THE CRISIS cannot refrain from comment and congratulations. We are not one of those who maintains that every problem of the race will be solved when *all* Negroes in every section of the country unite on *all* matters, but we believe that failure to recognize the necessity of union in certain situations will keep the race from winning the place it deserves in American life. It is difficult to believe that colored representatives could discharge their political duties in any worse fashion than whites have done. It is to be hoped that the Negroes of Harlem, largest black city in America, will make this step but a beginning in catching up upon their more energetic and astute brothers elsewhere and in assuming their rightful place in administering the affairs of their community and metropolis.

War and the Negro

(*Continued from page* 329)

ized into sewing societies and cigarette circles "for the benefit of our brave boys at the front." Unblushing promises of increased opportunities will be made to all and sundry provided they have a life or a dollar to give for the Cause.

Lest one should take these yelping protestations too seriously, let him consider the record of American imperialism in Hayti, Santo Domingo, and Liberia. In each of these Negro countries, the Yankee bearer of "the white man's burden" has done pretty well by himself. The military occupation of the two West Indian republics may have been of rather questionable benefit to the inhabitants. Measured by the books of American coffee and fruit enterprises, the gentle suzerainty of the United States Marines brought in considerable cash. As a final testimony to the enlightenment of these West Indian Negroes, we have the political imprisonment of the distinguished Haytian novelist, Jacques Roumain. Mr. Harvey Firestone has personally annexed Liberia to the extent that one of his bookkeepers will soon be able to administer all the affairs of that unhappy republic.

Stop Pulling Chestnuts

The Negro race, in its present stage of development, can no longer afford to pull chestnuts out of somebody else's fire. Ethiopia can well become a pivotal point in the struggle for the complete emancipation of the black peoples. Unless this idea is understood and acted upon the Negro will experience a repetition of the time-old betrayal. To support any combination of imperialists is to invite destruction of all the hopes now entertained from Harlem to Kenya.

During the swiftly impending world conflict, the Negroes must unite firmly and irrevocably behind a program of complete political, social, and economic equality. This struggle, having the same basis, will necessarily vary in particular countries. In this country, both through mass organization and legislative procedure, Negro groups should demand the end of discriminatory practices and the establishment of territorial autonomy for predominantly Negro regions.

This effort, a protest both against predatory warfare and racial prejudice, must not be diverted into a race conflict. Various ambulant Negro politicians will issue calls for a holy war against all whites, picturing illusory Negro paradises to be attained through such narrow chauvinism. The Negro must be sternly realistic in weighing such appeals. Negro capitalist states, founded by the Garveys or the Sufis, would merely substitute black exploiters for those with lighter skins.

For the destiny of the Negro is inseparably bound up with that of all suppressed minority groups. The struggle for bread, peace, and the right to live is the common medium of all people bound to the ghetto or the slavery of the compound. Even here in the creeping South, this principle is being recognized by white and black rebels united against an entrenched feudalism. As Mussolini marches his troops into Ethiopia, white and black workers over the world will move to thwart his Caesarian dream of grandeur.

This is the hour when all minority peoples strain restlessly against the foul barriers of a ruthless economic order. It is to their immense advantage that they have strong allies in each imperialist country. Needless to say, the masses of Italy do not approve the intended conquest of Ethiopia. The most brutal system of government in history has made the Italian people sullen and resentful. Everybody knows that one purpose of this war is to allay discontent at home. If the conflict is protracted, it will mean the end of Italian fascism and the eventual downfall of Adolph Hitler. Under the circumstances, it is unpardonably foolish for Negro groups to attack Italian groups in this country. Some of Mussolini's most bitter opponents—and our natural allies—are Italian anti-Fascists exiled abroad.

Warns Against Japan

Nor must our resentment toward Italy catapult us into the arms of Japan, self-styled "friend of the colored races." Thousands of dead Chinese and Koreans make us rather distrustful of a friend who brandishes a bayonet in the face of world opinion. Moreover, Japan is even now meditating destruction of the Outer Mongolian Republic, the brightest omen of freedom for the dark peoples of Asia. Meanwhile, the Mikado's administrators govern, with iron hands, the brown-skinned subjects of the Pacific mandates.

If freedom be attained by the black peoples, they might well set the world an example of higher political values. It may yet be the province of Negro nations to build societies in which the welfare of all is measured by the individual welfare of each. Successive epochs of foreign cruelty have taught the Negro how little can be accomplished through conquest and exploitation. A free Africa may, after all, be the prelude to a free world.

Social Security

(*Continued from page* 334)

vide any federal contributions except for non-contributory old age pensions, mothers' aid, the blind, etc., to which the social insurance principle does not apply, strictly speaking. All sound social insurance plans—such as the British system adopted nearly a generation ago, which has done so much to alleviate the rigors of the prolonged depression in that country—are based upon a structure which uses the resources available to the nation as a whole. It not only provides for contributions from employers and employees but also for full government participation in order to tap the wealth in the high as well as in the moderate brackets.

Not only is the Social Security bill deficient in the subjects it covers but it fails completely to meet one of the most important hazards of modern life. Although in normal times sickness constitutes the greatest social hazard confronting wage-earners, being normally the chief cause of dependency of more than 50 per cent of charity cases, and although this problem has been one of the first to be met through social insurance by European countries, the entire issue has been ignored in the federal program.

The Effect Upon the Negro

As a wage-earner the Negro, like his white brother, must look at this jumbled Social Security act with apprehension and mixed feelings. Like the poverty-stricken whites, Negroes stand definitely to gain greatly by the subsidy provisions established in the act. They will not only be helped in the northern states which will be enabled to extend their present meagre provisions for the destitute classes, but they will especially be helped in the South, which would probably not have adopted relief legislation for many years without federal subsidies. The federal grants-in-aid have definitely stimulated the movement for old age pensions in the South as is evidenced by the fact that an old age pension law has just been enacted in Alabama and many of the other southern states are definitely contemplating the passage of such laws in the near future.

The Negro stands definitely to lose more than his white brother by the enactment of the unemployment insurance and old age contributory insurance plans. As a consumer the Negro will be forced to bear a full share of the indirect sales taxes imposed. Being largely in the lowest wage-earning group his share will be all the greater. Because he is largely an agricultural and domes-

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From the Press of the Nation

Editorial of the Month

Mob Members Convicted at St. Joseph, Mo.

***The Argus*, St. Louis, Mo.**

Just a year ago, members of a mob stormed a jail at Saint Joseph, Missouri, and removed therefrom and lynched Lloyd Warner. None of its members was indicted for the crime, even though several participants were identified. The State of Missouri declared itself impotent and therefore was unable to cope with the situation which came up in Buchanan County.

Just a few days ago members of a mob were hailed before United States District Judge Albert L. Reeves in this same Saint Joseph, Missouri, where penalties ranging from one day in jail to three years in the penitentiary were assessed against them, because of their interference with a United States marshal in the discharge of his duty in land foreclosure proceedings.

In imposing the sentence, Judge Reeves said, "The behavior of the members was dangerously near treason and certainly rebellion and insurrection." Upon hearing their sentences, some of the older men who had never been under a jail sentence before, wept as they were led away by the marshal whom three weeks ago, they defied.

The interesting feature about this is, that these people who composed the mob had no idea that they could be successfully prosecuted because of their violation of the law. They had always seen members of mobs "get away" with anything they did. The scene of a year ago, when a Negro was burned near the court house and the freeing of the participants were, no doubt, in their minds. But the mistake they made was, in the fact that this time, a federal law had been violated and the marshal, prosecutors and the judge were different men to those petty county officers of a year ago. A federal law had been violated and the relentless hand of the government was in this case and when the members of the mob saw that convictions were certain they quickly took a plea of guilty and threw themselves upon the mercy of the court.

We think the action in this case, on the part of Federal Judge Reeves, and the prosecutor, is a strong argument for a federal anti-lynching law. There is no doubt in our minds but that, had there been a federal law against lynching, members of the mob that stormed the jail at St. Joseph, Missouri, a year ago, would now be serving sentences for their crime in some federal prison.

The day for surprise at Mr. Mitchell's antics is gone. . . . What is a bit surprising, though, is that Mr. Mitchell in the course of a brief few days, should turn on *both* of the media through which his election was made possible: First he denounced the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which, with its crusades against segregation and jim-crowism, made the election of any Negro to Congress possible; and the Negro press, the constant hammering of which helped put him in the chair that admittedly a more intelligent man should have held since the second day the pet of the southern landlords, Mitchell, has sat there.

Unfortunately, nearly every lesson that the Negro electorate of four million in this country learns is a costly one. It is a matter of rejoicing, however, that possibly never again in the history of American Negro politics will Negroes elect another Arthur Mitchell to represent them in the minor house of the American government.—Cleveland, O., *Eagle*.

The fair play of the white sporting world glaringly shows the lack of it in the white Christian world!

The thousands of colored citizens who went wild over the victory may well take a lesson from the gentility that Joe Louis has ever demonstrated, the obedience he has always shown, and his exemplification of the adage, "A still tongue makes a wise head."—Cincinnati, O., *Union*.

No man aspiring to office can further ignore the ever-present fact that while mobs destroy almost at will helpless victims of a minority race, the same type of destruction will soon be meted out to white men accused of various crimes, wherever and whenever a few moronish and infuriated minds desire. As we have said before, it may be that a few more lynchings of white men will bring about legislation strong enough to insure protection to Negroes. But why not pass the necessary laws, and see that they are enforced, before those lynchings occur?—Louisiana *Weekly*.

When Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries to a pulp in 1910 there were widespread interracial disturbances. Now, 25 years later, Joe Louis beats Max Baer to a pulp in shorter time and there is interracial rejoicing, even in the so-called Solid South, where many white folk quietly laid their money on the Brown Bomber.

The change is due to the fact that America is becoming more civilized. In 1910 Southern daily newspapers urged on lynching mobs by screaming headlines and vicious editorials. None do so today. Indeed, the leading Southern dailies are openly against mob violence and for justice to the Negro.

Much of the change, however, is due to the Negro himself. His ceaseless and militant propaganda through such organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and especially through the medium of the powerful Negro newspapers.—Pittsburgh *Courier*.

However, the chief influence of Joe Louis has been felt not in the prize ring but in the arena of the national life. His name has stood for clean sportsmanship, untarnished living, balanced common sense, and extraordinary physical skill. He is the idol of millions of youths, black and white. Who can estimate what intangible benefits the nation has received as a result of his singular career?—Minneapolis, Minn., *Twin City Herald*.

In Ethiopian the word "elf" means a thousand. If the Italian soldiers know what is good for themselves they will be on the watch for the little dark elves in Ethiopia's mountains.—Jackson, Miss., *Daily News*.

Down in Arkansas and in neighboring states the Southern Tenant Farmers Union is directing a strike of cotton pickers, who demand $1 for picking 100 pounds of cotton, instead of the average remuneration of 35 to 60 cents. From reliable sources we learn that most skilled cotton pickers average about 100 pounds a day. It seems that we read something in the past about Mr. Roosevelt's program for a more abundant life.—New York *Amsterdam News*.

Slave Market

(*Continued from page* 331)

an Orthodox Jewish family?" Millie took a long, sibilant breath. "Well, you've never really washed dishes, then. You know, they use a different dish-cloth for everything they cook. For instance, they have one for "milk" pots in which dairy dishes are cooked, another for glasses, another for vegetable pots, another for meat pots, and so on. My memory wasn't very good and I was always getting the darn things mixed up. I used to make Mrs. Eisenstein just as mad. But I was the one who suffered. She would get other cloths and make me do the dishes all over again.

"How did I happen to leave her? Well, after I had been working about five weeks, I asked for a Sunday off. My boy friend from Washington was coming up on an excursion to spend the day with me. She told me if I didn't come in on Sunday, I needn't come back at all. Well, I didn't go back. Ever since then I have been trying to find a job. The employment agencies are no good. All the white girls get the good jobs.

"My cousin told me about up here. The other day I didn't have a cent in my pocket and I just had to find work in order to get back home and so I took the first thing that turned up. I went to work about 11 o'clock and I stayed until 5:00—washing windows, scrubbing floors and washing out stinking baby things. I was surprised when she gave me lunch. You know, some of 'em don't even do that. What I got through, she gave me thirty-five cents. Said she took a quarter out for lunch. Figure it out for yourself. Ten cents an hour!

Miniature Economic Battlefront

The real significance of the Bronx Slave Market lies not in a factual presentation of its activities; but in focusing attention upon its involved implications. The "mart" is but a miniature mirror of our economic battle front.

To many, the women who sell their labor thus cheaply have but themselves to blame. A head of a leading employment agency bemoans the fact that these women have not "chosen the decent course" and declares: "The well-meaning employment agencies endeavoring to obtain respectable salaries and suitable working conditions for deserving domestics are finding it increasingly difficult due to the menace and obstacles presented by the slavish performances of the lower types of domestics themselves, who, unlike the original slaves who recoiled from meeting their masters, rush to meet their mistresses."

The exploiters, judged from the districts where this abominable traffic flourishes, are the wives and mothers of artisans and tradesmen who militantly battle against being exploited themselves, but who apparently have no scruples against exploiting others.

The general public, though aroused by stories of these domestics, too often think of the problems of these women as something separate and apart and readily dismisses them with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders.

The women, themselves present a study in contradictions. Largely unaware of their organized power, yet ready to band together for some immediate and personal gain either consciously or unconsciously, they still cling to that American illusion that any one who is determined and persistent can get ahead.

The roots, then of the Bronx Slave Market spring from: (1) the general ignorance of and apathy towards organized labor action; (2) the artificial barriers that separate the interest of the relief administrators and investigators from that of their "case loads," the white collar and professional worker from the laborer and the domestic; and (3) organized labor's limited concept of exploitation, which permits it to fight vigorously to secure itself against evil, yet passively or actively aids and abets the ruthless destruction of Negroes.

To abolish the market once and for all, these roots must be torn away from their sustaining soil. Certain palliative and corrective measures are not without benefit. Already the seeds of discontent are being sown.

The Women's Day Workers and Industrial League, organized sixteen years ago by Fannie Austin, has been, and still is, a force to abolish the existing evils in day labor. Legitimate employment agencies have banded together to curb the activities of the racketeer agencies and are demanding fixed minimum and maximum wages for all workers sent out. Articles and editorials recently carried by the New York Negro press have focused attention on the existing evils in the "slave market."

An embryonic labor union now exists in the Simpson avenue "mart." Girls who persist in working for less than thirty cents an hour have been literally run off the corner. For the recent Jewish holiday, habitues of the "mart" actually demanded and refused to work for less than thirty-five cents an hour.

Induct Tuskegee Head

Dr. Frederick Douglass Patterson was inaugurated as the third president of Tuskegee at formal exercises in the chapel of the institute, Monday, October 28.

Incident

(*Continued from page* 332)

thing to ask, but would you mind telling me who you are? I'd sure like to help you in your work some way, if you're the man I think you are. Or would you rather not say?"

The man addressed smiled and rang the bell beside him. As the bus drew to a careful stop he got up and stood for a moment over them.

"No, I am not the man you think I am, though I, too, am now a minister. But I know the man well, and I know that he needs no help. And if he ever did need it, I think that I would want to give it. You see, I owe him my life."

He stepped from the bus, and through the mist-coated window they saw him make a curious gesture. Not awkwardly, but naturally, as if it were frequent with him, he ran the palm of his hand once or twice across the nape of his neck. And as the heavy bus slid again into motion they watched him turn the lapel of his overcoat up to protect him from the biting wind and start across the deep snow-bank, down 135th street, toward Seventh avenue.

Twentieth Anniversary

The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History celebrated its twentieth anniversary with a conference in Chicago, September 8-11. All the officers of the association were reelected. Dr. Carter G. Woodson is the director. Among the speakers at the various sessions were: Dr. W. Sherman Savage, Rayford W. Logan, Judge Albert B. George, Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, W. B. Hesseltine, Professor Lorenzo J. Greene, Dr. Melville J. Herskovits, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, Dr. Charles H. Wesley and Alderman E. R. Jourdain.

J. W. Johnson Lectures at New York U.

James Weldon Johnson, professor of literature at Fisk university, author and former secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., is giving a series of twelve lectures this fall at New York university, on the subject "Negro Contributions to American Culture." He lectures on Fridays from six to seven forty-five p. m. They began September 27 and will run until December 20. This is the second year that Dr. Johnson has been a visiting lecturer at New York university. His series proved to be so popular last fall that the university scheduled it again for this year.

The Pennsylvania Civil Rights Act

By I. Maximilian Martin

ON June 11, 1935, Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania signed Act No. 132 of the Pennsylvania legislature prohibiting, under penalty, discrimination in a place of public accommodation against any person because of race, color or creed. Within a few hours after the bill was signed, spurred by a flood of telegrams from various interests who felt they would be adversely affected by it, the house of representatives voted to recall the bill from the governor's desk. But it was too late. After a twenty-year fight by N.A.A.C.P. branches and other civic groups, Pennsylvania finally had an equal rights bill with teeth in it.

The final passage of the act was due to the fact that for the first time in nearly fifty years, Pennsylvania had two active political parties of almost equal strength. In former years the state had been solidly Republican and Negroes were steadfastly loyal to their traditional party. Since the Negroes' votes could be counted before they were cast, it is not surprising that they received no consideration from those in power. Starting with the presidential election of 1932, the Democrats had been building up a powerful machine in the state and finally succeeded in having their nominee elected governor in 1934.

When the Pennsylvania legislature convened in January, 1935, the time was indeed propitious for the passage of the long desired equal rights bill. The margin of strength between the two parties was so small that the Negro electorate constituted a deciding factor in the balance of power. A bill was introduced in the house of representatives, where the Democrats held control, by Representative Hobson Reynolds, a Republican and was passed. It went to the Republican senate and after amendment was approved and sent to the Democratic governor who signed the bill, making it a law.

The act parallels closely the New York law which has been in force since 1918. Unfortunately, however, there is one important difference. The bill was emasculated in the senate by the removal of the provision for the recovery of the penalty of from $100 to $500 by the aggrieved party and the substitution of one awarding the penalty to the state. The reason given for this was that the original provision might encourage a "racket" in the bringing of suits merely to collect damages. This, of course, has no foundation whatsoever. The portion of the act just mentioned imposes some-

The heavens did not fall and there were no riots on September 1st when the Pennsylvania Civil Rights act went into effect. Although it is not quite as strong as its supporters would have it, the law is the best one of its kind that Pennsylvania has had and promises to be a factor in the education and advancement of both races

what of a hardship in that the expense of swearing out a warrant and engaging a lawyer to initiate a suit must be borne by the person discriminated against without an opportunity of recovering these costs from the offenders upon conviction. Certainly no sane person could believe that the small amount awarded in such cases could in any way recompense for the humiliation suffered.

Disorders Predicted

September 1st was set as the date on which the equal rights bill would become effective and in the meanwhile there was much excitement in the Keystone state. The office of the secretary of the Commonwealth was deluged with requests for copies of the new act. The Associated Press sent out dispatches from the state capitol at Harrisburg calling attention to the provisions of the act and the date on which it became effective. The colored newspapers also gave ample space to articles about the bill. The popular magazines *Time* and *Literary Digest* carried feature articles about it. There were predictions from many sources of the disorder and disturbances that would result from the enforcement of the act.

The Pennsylvania Hotel Association announced that the new bill would not in any way "alter the duties of hotelmen under previous acts." So everyone awaited developments. Restaurant and hotel owners evidently had visions of Negroes pouring into their establishments in droves clad in overalls and carrying carpetbags to take advantage of their newly granted "rights." The month of September was ushered in on Sunday, one day before Labor Day, and after all of the previous publicity everyone looked forward to the first incident as if it were to be like "the shot heard round the world." Sunday came and went—and nothing happened. The next day the Associated Press sent out another dispatch stating that reports from throughout the state indicated that no one had taken advantage of the act.

A week went past and still nothing happened. There had been no cases reported of discrimination leading to prosecution and there were no instances of disorder. So the public whose attention had been focused so prominently on this new piece of legislation had a chance to forget about it and think about other matters. After another week a prominent colored lawyer was quoted in the press as having made the statement that for several reasons the law was not valid. The same article stated that hotelmen had announced that they would make "no change in their policies."

The fact that no suits were filed immediately after the new act went into effect does not in any way mean that the state had become "liberal" overnight. Instead it merely means that Negroes regarded the bill as a shield rather than a sword, to be used to protect their rights when necessary rather than to force certain issues.

Education for Whites

In the first month of the operation of Pennsylvania's Civil Rights Act but two cases of violation of its provisions have been reported—and both of these were in Philadelphia, "the City of Brotherly Love." The first case occurred when two young ladies together with their escort were refused service at a soda fountain in a small drug store. Action in this case is being taken by the Philadelphia branch N.A.A.C.P. The second case came about when a Y.W.C.A. secretary together with several friends entered a restaurant in the center of the city for dinner. They were served but the food was so heavily seasoned that it was unpalatable.

While as yet the tangible results of the civil rights act are not great in number, it most assuredly has improved the

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THE REDS ANSWER

In the October issue, THE CRISIS published an open letter from George Padmore, colored radical writer now living in Europe, addressed to Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party of America, in which Mr. Browder was asked certain questions. Mr. Browder will present his answer in an article in the December CRISIS.

Along the N.A.A.C.P. Battlefront

A Successful Junior Branch in Johnstown, Pa.

By Deane B. Leftwich

The junior work of the N.A.A.C.P. is so important that THE CRISIS is glad to pass on to other branches the observations of Mrs. Leftwich. Largely because of her activity the Johnstown Junior branch is now one of the largest and most successful units in the country

THE first important item in the organizing of our group was the realization of the fact that young people must have a program that is attractive to them as well as beneficial. They were given the privilege of turning in any suggestions they had and if a sufficient number was interested we gave it a trial.

We began intensive work with the juniors in December, 1934. I took over the organization work and accepted the task from the senior branch of directing the junior program. Today we have a total membership of 140, divided into two sections. Division A, 16 to 21 years of age, has 105 members; and Division B, 12 to 16 years of age, has 35 members. I believe that this membership has been secured because of the nature of the program we have tried to keep in operation.

In all communities where there are no community centers or Y. work carried on by our own group and where there is prejudice to the extent the young people cannot have freedom in the white ones, the junior branch should adopt some of their character building methods. We organized a gospel team to visit young people meetings in churches of both groups and in turn invited them to our forum meetings Sunday afternoons.

Realizing that we all like to be actors or actresses when we are young, Division A put on two successful musical comedies last year. One was held in one of our largest halls here and the other one at Joseph Johns junior high school auditorium. They were entitled: "Please Stand By" and "A Radioletta and Fresh Eggs," both very easy for amateurs to produce.

We try to have all the committees of the branch active and meet twice a month for business meetings.

Through our Division A we were able to get three boys out of trouble and a fresh start in life. We could prove they were not criminal at heart, but only young people anxious to get ahead, and too impatient to cope with the handicaps. The court placed them in the charge of our juniors. All three are now striving to make good.

The program for Division B calls for meetings two Saturday afternoons each month. This division has its own officers and committees. For the girls, there is a class in cooking, with the teacher speaking briefly upon the recipe and the members keeping notebooks and taking part in the preparation. Last year each girl was given a notebook problem of equipping a complete kitchen, with attention to color harmony. Small prizes for the best kitchen layouts will be awarded shortly. In this division, also, we teach knitting, and fourteen sweaters have been completed. Embroidering and sewing lessons are given. Last year the girls cut dresses from patterns that were furnished and made them themeselves. We have found that although cooking and sewing is taught in the schools, the girls find it much more exciting to compete directly against each other in the junior branch class.

The boys in this division painted furniture for doll houses and made other articles of furniture in addition to cutting and finishing leather moccasins. Both boys and girls had regular discussions of Negro history, with special attention given to present day problems and leaders of the race.

Our fall program for Division A includes a debating team, scholarship committee, sewing and knitting classes, girls' basketball team, dramatic art class, and glee club and gospel team combined. For Division B there will be classes in dramatic arts, sewing, knitting, cooking, embroidering, and Negro history. This latter will include a special study of winners of the Spingarn medal. At the end of the season the class will be divided into two teams, judges will be brought in from the outside, and the classes giving the best rendition will be given awards. The dramatic arts class

Workers in the recent Roanoke, Va., branch membership drive. Reading left to right, front row: J. A. Reynolds, president; Mrs. Millie B. Paxton, director; second row: C. W. Pendleton, assistant secretary; Miss Justina Spencer, who was awarded the prize for securing the largest number of memberships; J. A. Prunty, treasurer; and Walter C. Rose, secretary

will give a puppet show, with the boys making all the material for it.

We have an interracial council of adults and Division A officers. The interracial activities are bearing fruit. At the Sunday afternoon forums last year there was a better attendance from whites than from colored people. The junior branch has been the guests of white church organizations upon several occasions. The white Veterans of Foreign Wars has just asked the juniors to sponsor a play for them on a fifty-fifty basis.

Our activities became so varied that we have felt it necessary to rent a hall which contains a kitchen, recreation and reading room. This hall is used by the senior branch as well as the two junior divisions. The rental is $20 a month, and incidentals are about $10 a month. Our center is managed by a house committee comprised of an equal number of juniors and seniors. The house committee meets with the executive committee each month and is supposed to raise the funds necessary for the work. The deficits, if any, are split seventy-five per cent to the juniors, and twenty-five per cent to the seniors, because the juniors use the center much more than the seniors. Division A uses the center an average of three nights a week and Sunday afternoons; Division B uses the center Saturday afternoons. The juniors have done all the work in cleaning, painting, and equipping the center. We expect very soon to have a kitchen shower so that our facilities will be complete. The hall is located at 43 Baumer Street, in the center of the colored residential area.

We allow our members to pay their fees in installments, but give them only a certain length of time to pay up. In addition to the regular 50¢ fee, we have devised a battlefront card which sells for $1.00; 50¢ of this amount is the regular membership fee and 50¢ goes for purchasing material to conduct the various classes.

We feel that considering the fact that we have been organized for less than a year, and that the times being what they are, the Johnstown juniors have done very well. Most of our members, however, consider that we are just getting started and they believe that in the next year they will be able to do a real piece of N.A.A.C.P. work.

Branch News

The new Pennsylvania equal rights law was explained at the meeting of the **New Castle, Pa.**, branch October 11 by Dr. J. A. Gillespie, state president.

The **Indiana County, Pa.**, branch began its fall activities September 26.

The **Arkansas City, Kan.**, branch was reorganized in September into a county branch. The Reverend C. G. Griggs was elected president; J. R. Roberts, vice-president; Mrs. Hattie Caim, treasurer and Miss Isabelle Heart, secretary.

Miss Anne Laughlin, state director of the National Youth Administration in Kansas, was the principal speaker at the September meeting of the **Topeka, Kan.**, branch. The fall program was outlined by President R. J. Reynolds.

The **New Rochelle, N. Y.**, branch has decided not to participate in the spring oratorical contest. The branch is still active in the discrimination against Negro swimmers in the public schools and is seeking the appointment of a Negro interne at Grasslands Hospital.

A successful campaign for members was conducted by the **Albany, N. Y.**, branch under the direction of Mrs. Daisy E. Lampkin, regional field secretary. The drive closed September 23.

The **Cleveland, O.**, branch and other Ohio branches are cooperating with many white and colored state organizations in the fight against the cut in the appropriation of the state for welfare work.

The October meeting of the **Media, Pa.**, branch was held in the Wesley A.M.E. Church, Swarthmore, Pa. Featuring the meeting was a talk by Mr. Nobuwo Kusama of Japan who has been studying at Drew and Pendle Hill. Mr. Kusama also rendered vocal numbers of Negro spirituals and Japanese songs. Mrs. C. F. Jackson, president of the Delaware County Health Clinic showed pictures of members of the clinic at work, among whom are Dr. Lancess McKnight and Dr. Arthur W. King.

Russell W. Smith, president of the **Davenport, Ia.**, branch has been appointed a member of the Board of Race Relations of the Congregational State organization.

James E. Allen, president of the **New York, N. Y.**, branch has organized a men's committee to assist the branch. Fifty men responded to his invitation on September 29 and elected the following officers: Charles E. Pennabaker, chairman; Lionel Barrow, recording secretary; Robert L. Hill, financial secretary; and William A. Traynham, treasurer.

The Illinois State Conference of Branches held its annual meeting October 12-13 in Springfield. Irvin C. Mollison of Chicago is president and Simeon B. Osby, Jr., of Springfield, secretary.

The **Davenport, Ia.**, branch held an open forum September 26 with Professor Schersten of the Sociology department of Augustana College as the principal speaker. Mrs. Marie Nicholson directed the music.

The opening fall meeting of the **Terre Haute, Ind.**, branch was held September 29.

William Pickens, field secretary, was the speaker at the **Newport, R. I.**, branch October 8, at the **Newburgh, N. Y.**, branch October 9 and at a mass meeting in Atlantic City, N. J., October 10. The Atlantic City meeting was for the purpose of reestablishing a branch there.

The **Tacoma, Wash.**, branch opened its fall series of meetings September 15 with Mrs. Madeline Gibson as the speaker.

BRANCH NEWS

Send the news from your branch regularly to THE CRISIS, 69 Fifth avenue, New York. It must reach us by the first of each month.

Read the Crisis

My Country, 'Tis of Thee Sweet Land of Liberty—

This is a picture of what happens in America—*and no other place on earth!* Here is the U. S. rope and faggot record to date:

Lynchings since January 1:

14

●

Lynchings during same period last year:

15

●

Total lynchings since 1882:

5,082

●

(Figures as of October 15)

You can help stamp out lynch law by joining the forces who are campaigning for the passage of a federal anti-lynching law by the U. S. congress. Write the N.A.A.C.P. for information: 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

French Text-Books and the Negro

By Guichard B. Parris

SOME teachers of modern languages and literatures have realized that there is a wealth of material written in the foreign languages concerning the Negro and by him. They are seeking to bring before students of European literature and history a glimpse of that body of literature and thought that have to do with the black African and his descendants. Especially is this worth while when the material depicted is so little known and at the same time so attractive as that of the Negro character and type in European letters or his contribution to the development of European history. The illuminating studies recently made by Valaurez B. Spratlin,[1] Fernand Masse,[2] W. Napoleon Rivers[3] and Mercer Cook[4] attest to the variety and quantity of this material. A visit to the 135th Street branch of the New York Public Library in the Division of Negro Literature and History of which the excellent Arthur A. Schomburg collection is a part will convince the most skeptical of the richness of the documents. This collection contains the rarest and largest items on Negroes in any single public library.

A program of this type, if offered along with the study of the masterpieces of a Molière, a Cervantes, a Goethe or a Dante, would prove a rich source for obtaining a variability of reading assignments and of texts. It will also throw light on the little known rôle that men of African descent have played in the course of Western intellectual history.

For meeting this need and adding this different but interesting element to the atmosphere of the French language classroom, four outstanding contributions have been made: (1) Gragnon-Lacoste, *Toussaint Louverture; surnommé le premier des noirs,* extracts, edited with notes and vocabulary by Georgiana R. Simpson, Washington, D. C., The Associated Publishers, 1924; (2) *The Poets of Haiti: 1782–1934,* translated from French into English by Edna Worthley Underwood, Portland, Maine, The Mosher Press, 1934; (3) *Le Noir, Morceaux chosis de vingt-neuf français célèmres,* edited with vocabulary and notes by Mercer Cook, New York, American Book Company, 1934; (4) Alexandre Dumas, père, *La Tour de Nesle, edited* with introduction, notes and vocabulary by T. A. Daley, Williamsport, Pa., The Bayard Press, 1935.

The interest of this life of Toussaint Louverture is unquestionable. For, as Dr. Simpson states in her preface to the edition, if stories of the life and deeds of Napoleon Bonaparte may instruct and interest our youth, surely there ought to be counsel and inspiration for them in the historical sketches of the Corsican's unique contemporary. Henry Adams in his *Historical Essays* has already shown how intimately the history of the United States, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, was involved with the dynamic and incomparable Toussaint and the fate of the unfortunate island. This text should interest students of language and literature as well as those of history. The editor's notes are ample but not copious. Names such as that of Raynal, who predicted the rise of some Spartacus to break the bond of oppression and free the blacks from slavery, of Gregoire, who was undoubtedly the most active and celebrated Negrophile of the French revolutionary era, of Julien Raymond, the outstanding Negro political economist and statesman of the same period, deserve more than a footnote. However, this writer does not hesitate to recommend it as a suitable introduction to the study of the life and thought of this remarkable man, Toussaint, *the first of the blacks.*

Mrs. Underwood's collection represents a wide selection of Haitian poetry from the earliest times to the present. The colorful verses of Oswald Durand and Etzer Vilaire are among some of the best of the early literature. Among the contemporaries Emile Roumer and Jules Roumain write as good a verse as may be found anywhere. The translator has contributed much to create a sympathetic and cultural interest in, and understanding of, things that are Gallo-African. She has also demonstrated by her judicious selections that the notion of race is no barrier to fine craftsmanship in art or to a vital and progressive culture.

The writer hopes that Mrs. Underwood will publish a collection of the original works so that it may be available for students of French literature. Until then we will have to be satisfied with this unique collection as one of the sources where one may enjoy the reading of Negro poetry.

Too much cannot be said about Mr. Cook's remarkable little work, a collection of materials from the pens of twenty-nine French authors of first rank who have written about the Negro. As has been said, "the teacher of French who desires to see an occasional black face among the Perrichons, Poiriers and Colombas who invade his classroom will welcome the publication of *Le Noir.*" This work is valuable as social history, philosophy and literature. The selections cover a very wide range of subjects—political speeches on the subject of slavery, articles concerning Negroes of distinction, excerpts of stories by Daudet, Voltaire, and Loti, one story by Maupassant et al. No Negro teacher or student of French can afford to omit this text from his library.

Dr. Daley's work (to which nothing like adequate justice can be done within the limits of our space), it may be said at the outset, is distinct. Those students and teachers interested in the French Romantic drama will be delighted to hear of this text. The ordinary conception of Hugo as the beginner of the Romantic movement is shown to be a bit exaggerated and the great Dumas stands, in Dr. Daley's introduction, which, by the way, is written in French, as the real innovator, a sane and moderate Romanticist. Whether we agree with Dr. Daley or not, this introduction to the study of the development of the Romantic drama and the part that Dumas played in it, is a most valuable contribution to the discussion of the question of "origins."

This is the first time that this highly successful play has been edited for American schools. As a school text it is bound to find favor. There are several typographical errors in this text. These are flaws, however, that do not mar the excellence of the edition.

If there is a teacher who is not familiar with the trend of this new note in text-editing and publication in order to introduce into his classroom material of this type, he certainly cannot allege as excuse for his shortcomings any lack of appropriate text-books.[1] It is to be regretted that there are, so far as this writer knows, no texts of this kind available for the other foreign languages. The time has come when the Negro teacher of modern languages must exploit this wealth of material and make it available to students. We firmly believe that students should become acquainted with the contribution of Negroes to European literature and his-

[1] "Juan Latino, Slave and Humanist," (THE CRISIS), July 1932, p. 281.
[2] "The Negro in French Literature," (*The Journal of Negro History*), July 1933, pp. 225-245. An informative but very incomplete survey.
[3] "Placido," (*Opportunity*), March 1933, pp. 86-88. An essay on Cuba's great XIXth century poet.
[4] See the preface to the edition of which we will speak presently.

[1] See also G. Rattalovich's edition of Lamartine, *Toussaint Louverture,* New York, Century Co.

tory, and in turn, with what has been said about Negroes by Europeans.

In projecting a program of this kind one runs the risk of being judged guilty, by some otherwise well-meaning persons, of preaching a "race" philosophy. Why shouldn't the Negro in the Americas who collectively forms the *elite* of the descendants of black Africans in the New World and who has contributed very positively in the formation and development of Western culture and civilization, make note of, and be seriously concerned with this contribution? Certain universities and institutions in this country maintain centers of foreign culture in order that the different "racial" groups of which their membership is composed, may find materials for the investigation and appreciation of the history and literature of the country of their respective ancestors. Notable among these institutions are the centers of foreign culture at Columbia University, the International Houses of New York and Chicago, and the more recent addition at the Louisiana State University of the "French house," a chateau-like structure that will be the center of activities for the romance languages department. Since this university is in the heart of the Louisiana country, the school stresses the study of French literature and French culture. The Mexican government has recently established a library in a city of Texas where the Mexican population is large, to house materials for the instruction and entertainment of its nationals and those interested in its culture. Certainly it is not too much to ask Negro institutions to take note of these developments.

The day is not very far away when courses such as that given by Dr. James Weldon Johnson on the subject: *Negro Contribution to American Civilization*, will find their way into the curriculum of our great American universities. Dr. Johnson is now visiting professor of American literature at New York university. We hope that other institutions of learning will find it both socially expedient and intellectually profitable for the advancement of the arts and sciences to invite scholars on their faculties, white or black, for the special purpose of giving courses or lectures illustrating that important and unique note that the Negro per se and the Negro character have added to the European and American patterns of culture.

A fine beginning is being made in the classrooms of some Negro schools and colleges and, very interestingly, in a few of white Southern universities. There is however, much more which can be accomplished that has been achieved. Our ancestors strove to make the geographical frontier; that frontier was made; let us now forge ahead along this new frontier.

Book Reviews

BLACK RECONSTRUCTION by W. E. B. DuBois. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 746 pages. $4.50.

The modern interpretation of history demands that the writer not only record historical events but that he interpret those events in terms of the social, economic, and scientific background of the era in which they took place. Judged by this standard, W. E. B. DuBois' latest book, *Black Reconstruction* proves such method achieves an authenticity lacking in works whose sole purpose is to record without the recognition of consequential influences. Because of its revaluation of material that has been misinterpreted or glossed over for propaganda purposes, the book is a most significant contribution to American historical studies.

As the title suggests, *Black Reconstruction* is a historical interpretation of the blacks' part in the reconstruction of a nation between the years 1860–1880. Developing his theme from the Marxian point of view, the author minutely traces every factor that had a part in the development of the Civil War, the emancipation of the slaves, the granting of the ballot, and finally the disfranchisement of the Negro. A summary of this mass of information shows that the war and successive events had their roots firmly embedded in the economic systems of the two divisions of the country by which the black man was simply a pawn in a scheme to raise economic levels of whites.

Opposed to the wealthy planters in the South were the poor whites living under worse conditions than those described in Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*. These poor whites hated slaves not so much through inherent prejudices but because they feared the competition of Negro labor would remove from them the last remnant of financial security. Void of the intelligence to know that their plight was as insecure as the Negroes', they refused a logical alliance with the slaves, the strength of which would have been a powerful force in thwarting the dominance of a ruling class. From the beginning the Negro was shunned by both groups.

With the growing capitalism and industrialism in the North, the agrarian South began to suffer. Rather than either section relinquish the principles on which its wealth had been made, war inevitably followed. In the struggle the North was not concerned about the slave. Its principal object was to whip the South and force her back into the Union so that northern capitalistic control would not be destroyed by a rival group of southern states powerful enough to receive European recognition if victorious. Neither side expected the war to last as long as it did, and neither foresaw that the Negro would be the main controversial issue before it was over. Only when the North realized that the spirit of the South could be broken by the freeing of the slaves and utilizing them in northern armies, did Abraham Lincoln issue his famous proclamation.

The end of the war and the freedom of the slaves created the greater problem of reconstruction. Upon the adjustment of this problem hung the destiny of a nation. Here "was a vast labor movement of ignorant, earnest, and bewildered black men whose faces had been ground in the mud by their three awful centuries of degradation. . . . Reconstruction was a vast labor movement of ignorant, muddled and bewildered white men who had been disinherited of land and labor. . . . Reconstruction was the turn of white Northern migration southward to new and sudden economic opportunity which followed the disaster and dislocation of war, and an attempt to organize capital and labor on a new pattern and build a new economy." It was during this tumultuous upheaval that the Negro fought for the right of citizenship and the ballot. Contrary to the prevalent theory that the newly-found power placed in the hands of an emancipated people was responsible for the corruption and graft in setting up state governments, the author gives sufficient evidence to prove that the Negro was not to blame for the complete degeneration of these states. The final result was that the North under money pressure ultimately conspired with the South in an attempt to prove government by blacks ineffective. Through a gradual process the ballot, for which he had fought so long, was taken away from him and slowly the Negro of the South slipped back into complete disfranchisement as is represented by his status today.

According to Carlyle, "history is the essence of innumerable biographies." Since it is individuals who guide the destinies of historical background, it is necessary to know the people with whom the events are associated. DuBois presents several portraits with a vividness and reality suggesting a biographical approach. More intimately does the reader learn to know Charles Sumner, that great lover of the rights of all mankind, who practically gave his life in fighting for the rights of the Negro. Only a little less indomitable in spirit was Thaddeus Stevens who lacked the strong convictions of Sumner in maintaining an ideal. Contrasted with the unyielding qualities of these men was the weak and vacillating nature of Andrew Johnson. A poor white by birth and training this man started his career by hating the capitalists and vowing to fight for the rights of the common man. Flattery ruined him, however, and it was not long before he surrendered his early aversion toward moneyed men for the privilege of a few of their smiles and favors. To Andrew Johnson is due much of the debacle of reconstruction. Less vivid perhaps is the representation of Abraham Lincoln, but enough insight is given into the life of the martyr to show that he was not nearly so vitally concerned about the Negro as many thought. As a whole these well drawn characters serve as a principal device in maintaining the reader's interest through a continual flow of factual material.

Throughout the book DuBois never forgets that even a historical work must have definite literary qualities if the volume is to survive. Despite the criticism of some reviewers that he had a special ax to grind, DuBois subjects any strong emotional attitude he might possess and evaluates his material for what it is worth. He has a historical perspective and interprets in the light of that perspective. True, the work exhibits a virile tone inculcating at time an expression of bitterness and bluntness varied by an ironical touch; yet there is no deep expression of rancor and hatred that might so easily be injected in a study of this sort. Voluminous with quotations, the story probably suffers from the infusion of too much material. Since, however, the writer had such a controversial thesis to explain, he may be excused for not missing an opportunity to prove his point of view by producing every available piece of evidence. The portions of the book in which the author gives his personal reflections are some of the best. In fact most readers would enjoy a more liberal use of this philosophical analysis as compared with so much factual matter. As scholarly as ever, DuBois writes an energetic, lucid prose that at times elevates itself to poetic expression of penetrating austerity.

Although all opinions expressed by DuBois in *Black Reconstruction* will not be shared by every reader, all will admit that it presents evidence enough to prove the unsound basis upon which American historical thought has been developed in regard to a special era. Aside from proving that the Negro was not lazy, shiftless, corrupt, and ignorant as most historians picture him, DuBois has revealed the narrow historical point of view of those writers who interpret not in accord with facts but in accordance with their preconceived, biased opinion. An exposing of these writers, whose products for years have deceived an unsuspecting public, establishes the value of the book regardless of its other features. Whether or not white America accepts the authenticity of his study will depend, as the author says in the preface, on the attitude of the individual reader toward the Negro race. "If he believes that the Negro in America and in general is an average and ordinary human being, who under given environment develops like other human beings, then he will read this story and judge it by the facts adduced." Despite individual attitudes there can be scarcely a doubt that *Black Reconstruction* will have a definite influence in shaping historical opinions and writings in the future on the distorted question of reconstruction. It is because of this significance that the book becomes a really consequential volume to American historical literature.

JAMES O. HOPSON

VOODOO FIRE IN HAITI by Richard A. Loederer. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. $2.75.

There seems to be a rule that requires travelers to Haiti to offer for the palate of sedentary readers as gruesome and weird a picture as possible of voodoo practices and beliefs. Haiti books have long since become a *genre*, and in the course of a few brief years we have had books on and about Haiti from the pens of Blair Niles, William Seabrook, Craige, Guy Endore, Vinogradov, and now Loederer, an Austro-American artist who gives us Haiti in word and in design, with vivid pen and ink sketches that are supposed to add to the intriguing mystery that the author creates for the country.

It need not be said that the portrait of Haiti as Loederer offers it is replete with the most extravagant and unbalanced estimates that can be conceived. The author relates a multitude of experiences in the back reaches of the country, where he claims to have come upon Haitian life as it is really lived, with all the primitiveness, the naturalness and the realism that should characterize the existence of Haiti's three million inhabitants. He tells us of a journey up the Rivière de Massacre into the remote interior, pushing through dank and fetid jungle, coming upon strange and esoteric customs that hint of things unprintable and incredible. Then comes a series of sketches from every portion of the republic. There are scenes from Port-au-Prince, whose barbaric night life is described. Each town receives its due of a brief descriptive passage. There is Aux Cayes, Jérémie, Cap Haitien and the rest. The result of several months in the Negro republic is one of the most notable records of sensationalism yet to be produced.

It is a great pity that Haiti should inspire uniformly unrealistic books, written without exception in the name of the most complete and incontrovertible realism. Let us admit that Haiti is fascinating and that its picturesque qualities are extraordinarily numerous. But a contribution like this of Loederer is totally misleading and confusing for it creates an impression of infantile irresponsibility that can do nothing but damage to the name of Haiti. Mr. Loederer wishes to do voodoo as graphically and as realistically as possible. He fails to recognize perhaps that voodoo has already been done in a much more prosaic fashion by the Haitians themselves. There is a whole library of excellent material on voodoo and the rites and ceremonies that accompany it for the curious reader who understands French. Haitians of the category of Dr. Price Mars, Dr. Dorsainvil and others have written ably and accurately of this interesting phenomenon among the Negro population of Haiti. But their works lack the touch of mystery. They are not written as though intended to stimulate a jaded appetite for the bizarre and the incredible. Therein lies their absence of influence.

The stress on the nude is the most remarkable feature of this book by Loederer. An examination of the illustrations, which as such, are excellent, reveals an undue emphasis on the naked as a more or less characteristic of Haitian society. In fact one gets the impression that from Port-au-Prince to the most remote hinterland the Haitian citizen carries on his life sans raiment. Nothing more grotesque could be written about a people. Many of the impressions that are given might be true of Uganda or of the Cameroon territory of the time of De Brazza, but certainly not of the modern Haiti. There has been far too much of the play upon the barbaric and the weird in dealing with things Haitian. A common sense attitude with a sound scientific approach is a crying need. As yet there exists no study of contemporary Haiti that attempts to analyze its life and customs with a criterion of scholarship and of exactitude. Such a study would do much to dispel the falsities and the absurdities that the great portion of books on Haiti have propagated.

RICHARD PATTEE
Director of the Ibero-American Institute of the University of Puerto Rico

AFRICA DANCES by Geoffrey Gorer. Faber and Faber, London, England. 363 pages, 62 photographs and maps. $3.50.

"Africa Dances" is dedicated to Feral Benga, the Senegalese dancer who has won, recently, considerable praise in Paris for his dance performances there. About two years ago he made a trip to Africa in order to study the native dances as they are performed in the parts remote from civilization and to compose, if possible, a black ballet. Benga took with him Geoffrey Gorer, the English author of "Africa Dances" whom he had met in Paris shortly before he left for Africa. As a result of the trip, Gorer published this volume. The tour zig-zagged through the French colonies of Africa, the French and English mandated territorities and the Gold Coast. Visits were made to any town or village where there was a possibility of seeing African dances.

The volume contains descriptions of the many different races of Africa of which each has its own distinguishing physical characteristics and languages. It relates the struggles of these people for government positions and professional education. It tells the story of the brutal treatment inflicted on them when unable to pay their taxes; the cruelty of forced labor; the excessive militarism in French West Africa; the unfortunate results of the ever present color bar and in addition depicts their religious and social life.

All this is subordinate, however, to the main theme of the book—African dances—of which many are described and their symbolism briefly explained. Africans dance for joy, grief, love, hate, to bring prosperity, avert calamity, religion and frequently to pass the time. Dancing in Africa is not as it was generations ago, except in small remote villages where there is no missionary or administration to interfere. Today, families and clans have been destroyed, there constantly exists among the natives a feeling of anxiety about taxes, missionaries forbid dancing in many places and some administrators have stopped it because it disturbs their sleep.

The author divides African dances into two groups—professional and amateur. In the more primitive communities the dances are nearly always professional. Each tribe has its different and special costumes which for the most part are essentially decorative and unpractical. Masked dancers belong in a special category and their dances are usually exclusively religious functions. Many of these dances (hunting, totem, war, fertility, virtuosity, etc.) are described in great detail. Photographs of them and the dancers enhance the value of this book which must be considered introductory to a subject which is greatly in need of a more scholarly and thorough treatment than given here.

Although not especially well-written, this book is an interesting description of life in a section of Africa today, as observed by one more English traveler. Benga has stated that the author has written a truthful and realistic story. One cannot always agree with the author in some of his conclusions about Africans, especially when he says—"For at least a century they must be under the guidance of foreigners until they have learned a common language, common purpose, common morality. . . . All signs point to the African Negro following the Red Indian as the vanishing race."

DOROTHY B. PORTER

CALENDAR

October

29–31	National Federation of Negro Farmers, Inc., Little Rock, Ark.
30	Cahaba Annual Conference of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Livingston, Ala.

November

6	Florida Annual Conference of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Pensacola, Fla.
6	Blue Ridge A.M.E. Zion Conference, Asheville, N. C.
7–9	Missouri State Teachers' Association, St. Louis, Mo.
8	Potomac Valley Teachers' Association, Charlestown, W. Va.
12	General Missionary Baptist Convention of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
12–13	Association of Dining Car Employees of the Rock Island Railroad, Chicago, Ill.
13	West Alabama Annual Conference of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Mobile, Ala.
13	Western North Carolina A.M.E. Zion Conference, Asheville, N. C.
14–15	Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools for Negroes, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.
20	South Florida Annual Conference of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Bartow, Fla.
20	West Central North Carolina A.M.E. Zion Conference, Gastonia, N. C.
27	Central North Carolina Conference, Evans Met. Church, Fayetteville, N. C.
29–30	State Association of Colored Women of Kentucky, Paris, Ky.

LETTERS from READERS

Lucille Went to College

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Have just finished and thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Charles Carson's article: "And So Lucille Went to College." Yet, as I went from line to line, I got the impression that the author was asking himself, and the readers of your worthy publication, if high school and college are necessary for the Negro youth.

Unlike Lucille I did not attend college, in reality I never even finished high school, quitting at the age of seventeen, with two years more to go before becoming eligible for a diploma. And now, at twenty-seven, with a job that most any able-bodied young man, even though practically unschooled, could handle with comparative ease, I do not bewail in the least the fact that I spent two years at high school, and this despite the fact that I've never had my hands on a copy of The Art of Thinking.

All of this I mention solely because I'm leading up to the point where I wish to say I'm sure Lucille does not regret going to college, and neither should any Negro. We should realize that the long road to success and happiness is not strewn with sweetly scented flowers. And that, in a way, we are pioneers, as surely as the early American settlers were pioneers. Perhaps we are starting something that we will never live to see finished, we so-called "New Negroes;" nevertheless we intend to leave a grand, solid foundation for that litter of off-springs which is to follow.

And even as we sweat and labor, side by side with those unprepared souls, we Reubens and Lucilles cannot help but smile, for we realize that when the time does finally arrive for the advancement of employed Negro youths, many of our acquaintances will be left behind, unprepared, bewildered, or worse yet, serenely contented.

No, Lucille is not contented! What ambitious person would be contented just being a "house girl," salary five dollars per week? But I know Lucille is not the type easily discouraged. Too bad more of us haven't read The Story of Philosophy.

Poor Lucille! Why doesn't The Jones & Smith Mfg. Co. want her as a secretary? Not because she's not efficient, but because the pigment of her skin happens to be slightly dark!

And yet this condition will always exist until people like you, Mr. Carson, people with no special race prejudice; begin to teach their Juniors and Jeans, as soon as their little minds will comprehend, that black in a man's complexion does not necessarily spell e-v-i-l. Then, and only then, will having Colored help employed intelligently at a white business house cease to become "bad business," with many customers walking out haughtily, while others sneer caustically, wheel about on high heels and leave with meaning alacrity, never to call again.

Frankly, Mr. Carson, from this distance I like you, not because you've all the fine qualities I ever expect to find in a white man, but because at least you're not trying to hold the Negro back, even though you're not striving one iota to shove him forward, as you're "not fighting for equality for either races or individuals." And being a "no-holder-backer" you're not a very serious barrier between the Negro and his goal, for, with no one clutching frantically at our heels and arms from behind, we can make our way forward very nicely. Our cry should be: "If you don't hold me still, or shove me back, I'll find my own way forward!"

Reuben Taylor

2515 Wirt St.,
Omaha, Nebraska

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Have just finished reading "Lucille Went to College." I am of the opinion that the man who refused to hire her in his office; but hired her to do housework, is the man of two talents, just the average man, who belongs to the class that holds the dark side up to view and is afraid to take a chance. He does not belong to the class that Elbert Hubbard speaks of as being able to "build a better mouse trap or paint a better house and etc." This is the five talent man and he is continually hunting for ability regardless of race, creed or color.

To better illustrate my point, twenty-six years ago in this city, a colored lady (Mrs. Harvey Mitchell), opened up a beauty parlor in her front room. A few days after she opened up a wealthy white lady stopped out of curiosity and had some beauty work done. She was so well pleased that the next day she went to Mr. A. R. Shriver who owns and operates the largest department store in South Dakota and told him he would have to get Mrs. Mitchell to open up a beauty parlor in his store as she could do anything in the beauty line. Mr. Shriver contracted with Mrs. Mitchell. That was twenty-six years ago. Today Mrs. Mitchell employs twelve colored and four white operators, and has the best equipped beauty parlor between Minneapolis, Minn., and Seattle, Washington. She also has an accredited school of beauty culture of which less than one-tenth of one per cent are colored. The teacher is colored and the average size of the beauty classes is twenty-eight.

Mr. Shriver, the owner of the store, has sold the people on "That a colored person has to do his work twice as good as a white person in order to compete in business." As a result, in twenty-five years this beauty parlor has built up an exclusive trade.

So satisfactory has been Mrs. Mitchell's work that at one time she had branches in department stores in Yankton, S. D., Fargo, N. D., and one of the leading hotels in Sioux City, Ia., managed by members of her race. She also has in connection with the beauty parlor and school a doll hospital.

W. F. Reden

Sioux Falls, S. D.

"Upon This Rock"

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Mr. Samuel J. Stevens, who answered my article, "Upon this Rock," in the last issue of The Crisis is to be complimented for supplementing my theme so admirably.

He is to be thanked for illustrating the ineffectiveness of dogmatic moralizers in decreasing violence and debauchery among the masses of Negroes, while at the same time they lessen the Negroes' spirit of resistance against oppression and exploitation practiced upon them by their white masters and black misleaders, for his inference that the spirit of Nat Turner must not die, and for his suggestion that perhaps a little work ought to be coupled with so great faith in God.

I find it impossible to agree with him, however, that faith in all the shabby mockery that we call organized religion in the South will ever lead us into the Promised Land (whatever he hopes that Promised Land will be). Furthermore, I do not see how Mr. Stevens hopes to get the vacant pews in our too-many churches filled unless he gets out too-many preachers to implement their fundamentalism with a more vital spark.

I believe that the function of religion is to fill the needs of the people rather than to rob the people of the desire to have their needs filled.

Detroit, Mich. J. E. Arbor

Thank You

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Enclosed please find check for $1.50 for a year's subscription. I believe The Crisis is fighting a great battle for human liberty.

J. R. Reynolds

Holly Springs, Miss.

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Most assuredly we want to renew our subscription to The Crisis. Enclosed is a check for one dollar and fifty cents, ($1.50). The reading of The Crisis each month is a vital part of our current education.

George W. Coleman

Babson Institute,
Babson Park, Mass.

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Herewith check for $2.50 for two years. Do not stop it. I need it every day.

Dr. J. C. Bradfield

Lima, Ohio

To the Editor of The Crisis:—Enclosed is P. O. order for two dollars, fifty cents ($2.50) to renew my subscription for two years.

This magazine is keenly appreciated by my sociology classes for whose benefit, as well as my own, it is taken.

(Mrs.) Alma S. Allison

State Teachers College,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Social Security

(*Continued from page* 334)

tic worker the Negro will not be able to take as much advantage of the benefits provided under these systems. He is excluded largely both by his occupational limitations and by the fact that he is generally employed in small establishments which will be generally excluded from unemployment insurance coverage. Unfortunately, the latter difficulties are inherent in the very nature of social insurance and are not the fault of this particular act. Social insurance is chiefly adapted to industrial workers. It cannot so easily be adjusted to agriculture which presents an almost insurmountable problem of administration. While later on, when the administrative system is capable of handling the problem, domestic workers can be included in an insurance plan, the cost of administration in the early years make their immediate inclusion inadvisable. Had the Social Security act not been based merely on the principle of sales taxes, Negroes would at least not have to lose directly by it. As it is, they stand to lose a great deal by the unemployment and old age insurance systems provided in the Social Security act.

What Money Did

(*Continued from page* 335)

argue for what she construed as her rights to name one of the prospective heirs, but she checked herself abruptly when Arthur arose, walked to a table, switched on a light and began to inspect a book.

"Yo' had bettah take all dem white man's fingahs outta de landlady's pockets," said Jane. And without waiting for Arthur to do it, she got up, crossed to the table and turned off the light that he had just turned on.

Arthur then remembered that his job as a fireman in a Bronx warehouse would call for an appointment with the furnaces the following morning at five o'clock. With a few more words, he took his leave.

A few minutes later he was in a Harlem side-street, with a stiff breeze from the Harlem River caressing his face. He walked rapidly and had just turned into Madison avenue when somebody's derby struck him in the chest and caromed into the street. A man of wide expansion, apparently the owner, saw Arthur turn to retrieve the derby and halted suddenly as if someone had applied a set of hidden brakes.

With the derby in hand, Arthur turned with the intention of handing it to the owner, but a surprising thing had happened. The gentleman of wide expansion had turned and was lumbering as fast as he could in the opposite direction.

Arthur yelled and the fleeing man appeared to quicken his pace. Our hero started in pursuit, but when his objective rounded a corner he stopped and gave the derby a puzzled look, and then began to inspect it. Removing his uniform cap, Arthur tried on the derby and found it a trifle too lose. He shrugged and took it home.

He deposited the derby on top of a trunk, took off his cap and proceeded to hang it in its accustomed place on a nail over the dresser. As he did so, he arrived at a reasonable explanation as to why the owner of the derby had taken flight. He again donned his uniform cap and peered at his twin in the mirror. The inspection convinced him that he looked enough like a policeman to be mistaken for one. Seized by a sudden inspiration, he took the derby, crossed to the bed and began to examine it carefully. He was soon rewarded by a series of fifty-dollar bills, thirty in all, neatly folded and distributed behind the inner band.

At this stage Arthur became a victim of mixed emotions. In the money scattered on the bed he saw the full bloom of Jane's dreams and of his own desires. Instinctively he knew that the money was stolen. How else was one to explain the uncalled for flight of the owner of the derby. Something within him, however, rebelled at the thoughts of surrendering the money at the nearest police station. As the thought came, he snatched up the bills and stuffed them in his pocket.

"Finder's keepah's," he muttered almost savagely, in an attempt to convince himself. But he was not so sure about this the following afternoon when he called at Mrs. White's apartment, as soon as he got off from work.

"Jes w'at should Ah do, honey?" he asked of Jane, as soon as he had told her all. It had been a long recitation punctuated by loud ejaculations on the part of his beloved.

"One minute Ah wants to keep de money," he told her. "De nex' minute sompin' tells me Ah should take it to de station house."

"Take 'em nutt'n" Jane said loudly. "Yo' knows de ole sayin's. W'at's one man's losin's is the nex' man's gainin's. De man run off an' lef' yo' wid de derby an' de money. Yo' sho' 'd be stupid to give 'em up."

Just at this juncture both became aware of the presence of a third person in the sitting room. It was the blousy Mrs. White, with her dirty dust cap and rolled up sleeves, perched upon the threshold as she industriously wiped a streak of dust from the door which connected with the hall.

"Mistah Roach, Ah couldn't help hearin' all 'bout yo' good forchune," she told her roomer's fiance. "Ah wants to congratulationed yo' all. Ah really does." She came forward and extended her right wrist to be shaken, her hands being dirty.

"Chile, yo' is in luck," Mrs. White said to Jane, winking.

Jane said nothing but Arthur understood and grinned.

"Well," Mrs. White continued. "Ah do 'specks yo' all is gwine git married now." She looked at Arthur and Arthur looked at Jane. Jane looked at the floor and blushed. And just then the doorbell rang and it was answered by a roomer who was going out.

"Ah bets dat's mah church pahson bringin' some tickets fo' ouah nex' church social," Mrs. White opined. "Wy don't yo' all let him marry yo' now. Ah'd sho' like to be able to tell de neighbahs dat yo' all wuz jined up in mah house."

Arthur seemed ready and looked at Jane, but Jane's mind for the moment was blissfully dwelling on a country bungalow with a green roof and a big back yard.

"Okay wid me," said Arthur. "W'at yo' say, Sweet'art?"

Jane beamed.

They already had the license. Mrs. White offered to loan them a wedding ring a roomer had left in lieu of rent, and, as it turned out, the Reverend Basil Baldspot was willing to perform the ceremony.

Once more the bell rang as Mrs. White was returning from the kitchen with the massive old family Bible. She entrusted it to her minister and went down the hall and admitted her nephew, a Mr. Slocum, who was accompanied by a friend.

Mrs. White, making the introductions, revealed with pride that her nephew worked in Wall Street as a messenger. The friend, she said "runs on de road," and by this the gathering understood that the individual was a Pullman porter. Both Mr. Slocum and the gentleman in question agreed to serve as witnesses. The stage was lacking nothing unless it was marital music.

While Mrs. White beamed and played with her apron strings, the minister went through the usual catechism and pronounced Jane and Arthur wife and husband. Then Mrs. White, bursting with importance, beckoned her nephew into an adjoining room to inform him of the bridegroom's good fortune.

The minister picked up his hat regretting that he couldn't stay. He shook hands with one and all, after which Mr. Slocum, who had returned to the sitting room with Mrs. White, inquired of Arthur where he and Jane were to spend their honeymoon.

"We ain't made up ouah mines yet," said Arthur.

"Can't tell, Jane added. "Maybe Niagara Falls."

"Nice trip—Niagara Falls," observed Mr. Slocum's friend. "Ah bin dere lotsa times mahself."

Mrs. White spoke up at this point.

"Mah nephew wuz tellin' me," she said, "'bout a big bank robbery. He said all de bills wuz mawked."

"Is yo' bills mawked?" Mr. Slocum asked of Arthur.

"Ah didn't see nutt'n on dem las' night," said Arthur slowly. "Dese ain't stolen bills. At leas' Ah don't guess dey is."

After much fumbling he reluctantly brought out a single bill from his pocket and examined it closely, then held it forth with a triumphant air. "See fo' yo'self," he invited Mr. Slocum. "It don't carry no mawkins."

The landlady's nephew assumed a professional manner as he accepted the bill. He studied it closely, held it to a light, then wet his thumb and rubbed against it.

"Is all of dem like dis heah one?" he asked presently.

Arthur looked apprehensively at the new Mrs. Roach, who was biting her

finger nails. There was no assistance to hope for from that direction and he presently found strength to answer:

"Dey is all fifty-dollar bills—if dat's w'at yo' means," he said.

"Let him see dem all," suggested the landlady.

Jane looked as if she was about to collapse. With a feminine intuition that something was wrong, she looked ruefully at the ring on her finger and reached for a chair to steady herself. Arthur's hand was shaky as he fished in his pocket for the other bills. He got them out and handed them over without a word.

With bated breaths the little gathering watched the bank messenger go through the bills. He worked silently, expertly, rapidly, acting more the part of a teller than a messenger. At last Arthur could stand it no longer.

"Any mawkins?" he asked weakly, clearing his throat.

The landlady's nephew looked up.

"Naw," he snorted disdainfully. "But every durn one of dem is countahfit."

C C C Advisers Named

Joseph A. Bailey and Leon E. DeKalb were appointed educational advisers for C C C camps in New York and New Jersey by Director Robert Fechner on August 1. Both are graduates of Lincoln University.

Scout Hero

Edward Claxton, 14 years old of Reno, Nevada, has been cited by the Boy Scouts for his rescue on December 14, 1934, of a boy three and a girl four from a burning residence. Scout Claxton was given a solid gold medal by the National Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts of America.

Largest Howard Law Class

More than one-half of the freshman class entering the law school of Howard university last week had already earned their bachelor's degree or more, according to Acting Dean William E. Taylor. Forty students entered the freshman class, more than twenty per cent increase over the average of the past seven years.

Cancer!

"Thou shall not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Perhaps you know someone who is dying of cancer. Perhaps you know someone who is threatened with this "terror by night . . . this destruction that wasteth at noonday." If so, you certainly will help fight cancer through the distribution to the public at large of the facts about cancer and its proper treatment.

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NOTE—If you live out-of-town, write for full information, free of charge, to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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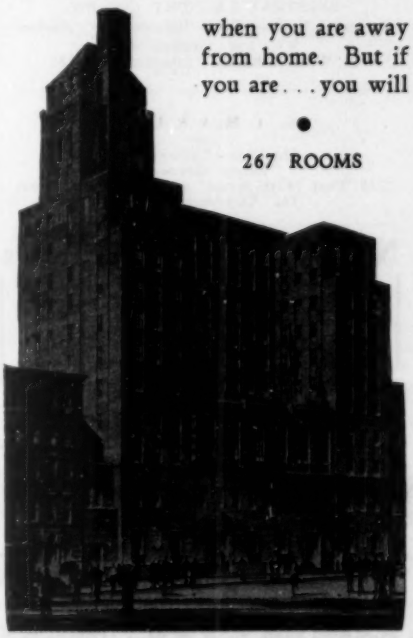

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Civil Rights

(*Continued from page 341*)

status of Negro citizens in Pennsylvania. First of all it has awakened Negroes to the fact that they have certain rights and that they must be prepared to fight for them. Next, the fact that the law received so much publicity in the newspapers has acquainted those operating places of public accommodation with its provisions and inspired a wholesome respect for it especially on the part of the proprietors of small establishments. None of them seems to want to be the first one to feel its penalties. For example, in mixed sections of Philadelphia where before certain restaurants catered to white trade only, after the act went into effect colored people have been served. Likewise in some of the motion picture theatres it has discouraged the intimidating tactics used by employees to force Negro patrons to occupy balcony seats even though their tickets entitled them to sit anywhere in the house.

It is true that for some time to come discrimination will still be practiced against colored Pennsylvanians in places of public accommodation, but for the first time they will have an effective law with "teeth" to give them redress. It is perhaps well that no test case was made in the early days of the act so that the suits which come will do so in the regular course of events.

Now that this state has joined the list of progressive states with a law guaranteeing equal rights in public places to all of its citizens it is up to her colored citizens to make use of this law intelligently and effectively. The N.A.A.C.P. has helped in this matter by advising through its Pennsylvania branches how to proceed under the act. One thing, however, is certain, an aggressive campaign must be conducted to see that the law is properly enforced and does not remain a dead letter upon the statute books. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

New Howard Dormitory

After an investigation of living conditions at Howard University it was announced recently that President Roosevelt had approved a $525,000 allotment from PWA funds for construction and equipment of two men's dormitories on the campus.

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